Galen .87

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28*th January* 1927.

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Matt. Anderson Glen 87

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN SCOTS SONGS, HEROIC BALLADS, &c.

Now first Collected into one BODY,

From the various MISCELLANIES wherein they formerly lay dispersed.

CONTAINING LIKEWISE,

A great Number of ORIGINAL SONGS, from MANUSCRIPTS, never before published.

The Garb our *Muses wore in former Years.* HAMILTON.

WORLD LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND EDINBURGH

EDINBURGH:
Printed by and for MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON.

MDCCLXIX.

M*St. John

PREFACE.

THE world in general have been but lately convinced, that the more ancient and original poetry of Scotland was ſuperior to that of moſt northern nations. The learned in the antiquities of each have obliged their countrymen, from time to time, with every thing they were able to recover of the ſongs and tales of their remoter anceſtors ——Theſe recoveries have, for the moſt part, been deemed precious, and met with the moſt favourable reception. Many ſuch pieces are found of the higheſt merit, independent of every national circumſtance; and others, though not ſo generally

pleaſing, are ſtill in great eſteem with the peculiar people, or part of the country, to which the ſtory relates; nay, of ſome regard even with the learned, becauſe they are "the moſt natural pictures of ancient manners."

It is a conſiderable time ſince the native muſic of this country found its way to moſt of our neighbours, and has from them candidly received a preference even *to their own*. We are no doubt *paſſionately* fond of it, but this fondneſs is juſtified by genuine taſte, and therefore can ſcarcely be deemed a national peculiarity. Many ingenious reaſons have been aſſigned for a diſtinction ſo agreeable, chiefly drawn from the romantic face of the country, and the paſtoral life of a great part of its inhabitants; circumſtances, no doubt, highly favourable to poetry and ſong.

THE Editor of this little volume does not think himſelf equal to diſquiſitions of that kind, nor will he hazard a declamation upon the ſubject, ſatisfied that it is not in his power to do it juſtice. He confeſſes the warmeſt attachment, not only to the muſic, but to the poetry of the original Scottiſh ſongs, and cannot help thinking, that the merit of the one is, in many inſtances, equal to the other. The characteriſtical excellence too, of both, he apprehends, is nearly the ſame, *viz.* a forcible and pathetic ſimplicity, which at once lays ſtrong hold on the affections: ſo that the heart itſelf may be conſidered as an *inſtrument* which the Bard or Minſtrel harmonizes, touching all its ſtrings in the moſt delicate and maſterly manner! Indeed his partiality inclines him to believe, that were they univerſally underſtood, their reputation would not be

confined to North Britain, but acknowledged by every lover of nature and unaffected ſimplicity.

It is much to be regretted that the original words to many favourite tunes, once everywhere known, are now irrecoverably loſt, excepting what are to be found in the memories of country people, there preſerved by a fond attachment to theſe natural paintings. Many have wiſhed, that ſome perſon would attempt to recover theſe pieces, and publiſh a Collection of Originals, purely Scottiſh. The Editor, therefore, at laſt determined upon the trial himſelf, and his reſearches have proved more ſucceſsful than could have been at firſt expected: he has recovered many of the original poems that gave riſe to well-known tunes, and many fragments that appear of ſome antiquity; and, upon the whole, has

been enabled to bring into one volume (what was never before attempted) all the Scottiſh ſongs of any repute; preſenting the reader, at the ſame time, with upwards of ONE HUNDRED more than are to be found in any collection extant, the greateſt part of which have never before appeared in print.

THE only collection upon our plan, conſiſting entirely of Scots ſongs, is the Orpheus Caledonius, publiſhed by WILLIAM THOMSON in 1733; but this is confined to a ſmall number, with the muſic, and now become very ſcarce; for ALLAN RAMSAY'S Tea-Table Miſcellany cannot be termed *A complete collection of Scots ſongs*; they are, as he himſelf entitles them,—— *A choice Collection of Scots and Engliſh.*

THE valuable collection of PERCY has furniſhed ſome ſongs, and more

perfect copies of ſeveral ballads, than thoſe formerly printed; and when modern words could only be given to ancient tunes, theſe are, however, (to ſpeak *en Ecoſſois*,) compoſed by *Poets* natives of North Britain.

AFTER the manner of PERCY, it was at firſt intended to have prefixed notes to the more ancient and hiſtorical poems in this Collection; but the volume would have been thereby too much ſwelled: and as the Editor hath already ſome proſpect of materials for a *ſecond*, he is of opinion that theſe notes will come in with more propriety at the concluſion, where they may be by themſelves peruſed.

As the only ſure method of aſcertaining the antiquity of the ſongs is by the language, any attempt to give them in a ſeries, from the moſt ancient to

the more modern, is rendered impracticable; many of the old ones being modernized in every copy extant.

THIS volume is divided into *two* parts: The *firſt* conſiſts chiefly of ſongs from all the various miſcellanies hitherto printed, with ſeveral additions, by collating different copies; and the *ſecond* principally contains ſuch as *have not been before* publiſhed, together with the larger ballads or poems. The *former* is ſubdivided by their titles in the order of the alphabet, and the *latter* by ſeparate claſſes.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ALthough this volume contains all the old Scottiſh ſongs that could be had in any meaſure complete, the Publiſhers have ſtill remaining in their cuſtody imperfect copies and detached pieces of a great many more; ſuch of theſe as can be compleated from more perfect copies, and ſuch other old ſongs as can by any means be obtained — together with ſeveral modern ſongs, by celebrated authors, to the old Scottiſh tunes, are intended for a ſubſequent volume; in which it is propoſed to inſert notes *and* remarks *upon ſeveral of the old ſongs and ballads, together with an ample* Gloſſary *for the whole, which could not be contained at the end of this volume.*

All the lovers of this subject, into whose hands the following collection may come, if possessed of any Scots songs of merit, not here found, are therefore earnestly entreated to favour the publishers, by transmitting a copy, under cover, addressed To Messs. MARTIN & WOTHERSPOON, *Printers in Edinburgh.*

SCOTS SONGS.

SCOTS SONGS.

PART I.

A

An thou wert my ain Thing.

AN thou wert my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou wert my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

Of race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's ſake, oh! favour me,
Who only live to love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave;
O! for their ſake ſupport a ſlave,
Who only lives to love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love; and, for thy ſake,
What man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

My paſſion, conſtant as the ſun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill, will ne'er have done,
Till Fates my thread of life have ſpun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee.
An thou wert, &c.

* *

Like bees that ſuck the morning dew,
Frae flowers of ſweeteſt ſcent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou wert, &c.

Sae lang's I had the uſe of light,
I'd on thy beauties feaſt my ſight,
Syne in ſaft whiſpers thro' the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
An thou wert, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my JEAN!
She moves a goddeſs o'er the green!
Were I a king, thou ſhou'd be queen,
Nane but myſel aboon thee.
An thou wert, &c.

I'd graſp thee to this breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my ſtronger limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
An thou wert, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining youth let's make our hay;
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae ſcorn undo thee.
An thou wert, &c.

While Love does at his altar ſtand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk ſmile thou ſhalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou wert, &c.

Same Tune.

WERT thou but mine ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
Wert thou but mine ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!

As round the elm th' enamour'd vine
Delights with wanton arms to twine,
So I'd encircle thee in mine,
And ſhow how much I love thee.
Wert thou but, &c.

This earth my paradiſe ſhould be;
I'd graſp a heav'n of joys in thee,
For thou art all thy ſex to me,
So fondly do I love thee.
Wert thou but, &c.

Should thunder roar its loud alarms,
Amidſt the claſh of hoſtile arms,
I'd ſoftly ſink among thy charms,
And only live to love thee.
Wert thou but, &c.

Let Fortune drive me far away,
Or make me fall to foes a prey,
My flame for thee ſhall ne'er decay,
And dying I would love thee.
Wert thou but, &c.

Tho' I were number'd with the dead,
My ſoul ſhould hover round thy head:
I may be turn'd a ſilent ſhade,
But never ceaſe to love thee.
Wert thou but, &c.

Apron, Deary.

'TWAS early in a morning, a morning of May,
A ſoldier and a laſſie was walking aſtray;
Cloſe down in yon meadow, yon meadow brow,
I heard the laſs cry, My apron now,
My apron, deary, my apron now,
My belly bears up my apron now:
But I being a young thing, was eaſy to woo,
Which makes me cry out, My apron now.

O had I ta'en counſel of father or mother,
Or had I adviſed with ſiſter or brother,
But I being a young thing, and eaſy to woo,
It makes me cry out, My apron now,
My apron, deary, *&c.*

Your apron, deary, I muſt confeſs,
Seems ſomething the ſhorter, tho' naething the leſs;
Then had your tongue, deary, and I will prove true,
And nae mair cry out, Your apron now.
Your apron, deary, *&c.*——Your belly, *&c.*
Then had your tongue, *&c.*

Same Tune.

MY ſheep I neglected, I loſt my ſheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forſook,
No more for AMYNTA freſh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I ſaid, would ſoon cure me of love.
O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I AMYNTA? *why broke I my vow?*
O give me my ſheep, and my ſheephook reſtore,
I'll wander from love and AMYNTA *no more.*

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean ſecure me from love!
O fool! to imagine that ought can ſubdue
A love ſo well founded, a paſſion ſo true.
O what had my youth, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor ſhepherd, AMYNTA no more can be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitleſs, thy wiſhes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.
O what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I AMYNTA? *why broke I my vow?*
O give me my ſheep, and my ſheephook reſtore,
I'll wander from love and AMYNTA *no more.*

Alloa Houſe.

THE ſpring-time returns and clothes the green plains,
And Alloa ſhines more chearful and gay;
The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring ſwains
Sing merrily round me where-ever I ſtray:
But SANDY no more returns to my view;
No ſpring-time me chears, no muſic can charm;
He's gone! and, I fear me, for ever: adieu!
Adieu ev'ry pleaſure this boſom can warm!

O Alloa-houſe! how much art thou chang'd!
How ſilent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
Alas! where to pleaſe me my SANDY once ſtrove!
Here, SANDY, I heard the tales that you told,
Here liſt'ned too fond whenever you ſung;
Am I grown leſs fair then, that you are turn'd cold?
Or fooliſh, believ'd a falſe, flattering tongue?

So ſpoke the fair maid, when Sorrow's keen pain,
And Shame, her laſt fault'ring accents ſuppreſt;
For Fate, at that moment, brought back her dear ſwain,
Who heard, and, with rapture, his NELLY addreſt:

My NELLY! my fair, I come; O my love!
No pow'r ſhall thee tear again from my arms,
And, NELLY! no more thy fond ſhepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard; and new joy ſhot thro' her ſoft frame,
And will you, my Love! be true? ſhe replied:
And live I to meet my fond ſhepherd the ſame?
Or dream I that SANDY will make me his bride?
O NELLY! I live to find thee ſtill kind;
Still true to thy ſwain, and lovely as true:
Then, adieu to all ſorrow; what ſoul is ſo blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you?

Same Tune.

OH! how could I venture to love one like thee,
And you not deſpiſe a poor conqueſt like me?
On lords, thy admirers, could look with diſdain,
And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my pain?
You ſaid, while they teaz'd you with nonſenſe and dreſs,
When real the paſſion, the vanity's leſs;
You ſaw through that ſilence which others deſpiſe,
And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes.

O! how ſhall I fold thee, and kiſs all thy charms,
'Till fainting with pleaſure, I die in your arms;
Thro' all the wild tranſports of ecſtaſy toſt,
'Till ſinking together, together we're loſt!
Oh! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,
Whoſe wit does enliven each dull pauſe of joy;
And when the ſhort raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful miſtreſs turns ſenſible friend?

In vain do I praiſe thee, or ſtrive to reveal,
Too nice for expreſſion, which only we feel.
In all that you do, in each look and each mien,
The graces in waiting adorn you unſeen.
When I ſee you, I love you; when hearing, adore;
I wonder, and think you a woman no more;
Till mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
And kiſſing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my boſom, how can I deſpair?
I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look away care:
I'll aſk thy advice when with troubles oppreſt,
Which never diſpleaſes, but always is beſt.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require;
Thy wit ſhall correct what thy love did inſpire:
I'll kiſs thee, and preſs thee, till youth is all o'er,
And then live in friendſhip, when paſſion's no more.

Auld Lang Syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with ſcars?
Theſe are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my VARO, to my breaſt,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
As I was lang ſyne.

Methinks around us on each bough
A thouſand Cupids play,
Whilſt thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay:
Since your return, the ſun and moon
With brighter beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft notes while they run,
As they did lang ſyne.

Deſpiſe the court and din of ſtate;
Let that to their ſhare fall,
Who can eſteem ſuch ſlav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball:
But ſunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll pleaſe ourſelves with mutual charms,
As we did lang ſyne.

O'er moor and dale withyour gay friend
You may purſue the chace,
And, after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace:
And in a vacant rainy day,
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne.

The hero, pleas'd with the ſweet air,
The ſigns of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above;
Next day, with glad conſent and haſte,
Th' approach'd the ſacred ſhrine;
Where the good prieſt the couple bleſt,
And put them out of pine.

Same Tune.

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,
And ſporting lambkins play,
When ſpangled fields renew'd appear,
And muſic wak'd the day;
Then did my CHLOE leave her bow'r,
To hear my am'rous lay,
Warm'd by my love, ſhe vow'd no pow'r
Shou'd lead her heart aſtray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
Surroun our couch in throngs,
And all their tuneful art beſtow,
To give us change of ſongs:
Scenes of delight my ſoul poſſeſs'd,
I bleſs'd, then hugg'd my maid;
I robb'd the kiſſes from her breaſt,
Sweet as a noon-day's ſhade.

Joy tranſporting never fails
To fly away as air,
Another ſwain with her prevails
To be as falſe as fair.
What can my fatal paſſion cure?
I'll never woo again;
All her diſdain I muſt endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
Thus ſighing with his pain;
But time and ſcorn may give him joy,
To hear her ſigh again.
Ah! fickle CHLOE, be adviſ'd,
Do not thyſelf beguile,
A faithful lover ſhould be priz'd,
Then cure him with a ſmile.

Allan Water.

WHAT numbers ſhall the muſe repeat?
What verſe be found to praiſe my ANNIE?
On her ten thouſand graces wait,
Each ſwain admires, and owns ſhe's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trod the happy plain,
She ſet each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her ſwain complain,
That ANNIE kindles new deſire.

This lovely darling, deareſt care,
  This new delight, this charming ANNIE,
Like ſummer's dawn, ſhe's freſh and fair,
  When FLORA's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths conveen,
  Joyous they ſport and play before her;
All night, when ſhe no more is ſeen,
  In bliſsful dreams they ſtill adore her.

Among the crowd AMYNTOR came,
  He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to ANNIE;
His riſing ſighs expreſs his flame,
  His words were few, his wiſhes many.
With ſmiles the lovely maid reply'd,
  Kind Shepherd, Why ſhould I deceive ye?
Alas! your love muſt be deny'd,
  This deſtin'd breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

Young DAMON came, with CUPID's art,
  His wiles, his ſmiles, his charms beguiling,
He ſtole away my virgin heart;
  Ceaſe, poor AMINTOR, ceaſe bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find,
  On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
Then chuſe ſome heart that's unconfin'd,
  And leave to DAMON his own ANNIE.

Auld ROB MORRIS.

MITHER.

AULD ROB MORRIS that wins in yon glen,
  He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld men,
Has fourſcore of black ſheep, and fourſcore too;
Auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye man loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
For his eild and my eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be ſeen;
For he is fourſcore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Ha'd your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride:
He ſhall ly by your ſide, and kiſs ye too;
Auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld ROB MORRIS I ken him fou weel,
His a—— it ſticks out like ony peet-creel,
He's out-ſhin'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;
Auld ROB MORRIS is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Tho' auld ROB MORRIS be an elderly man,
Yet his auld braſs it will buy a new pan;
Then, doughter, ye ſhoudna be ſo ill to ſhoo,
For auld ROB MORRIS is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld ROB MORRIS I never will hae,
His back is ſae ſtiff, and his beard is grown gray:
I had titter die than live wi' him a year;
Sae mair of ROB MORRIS I never will hear.

Auld Goodman.

LATE in an evening forth I went,
A little before the ſun ga'd down,
And there I chanc'd by accident,
To light on a battle new begun.
A man and his wife was fa'n in a ſtrife,
I canna well tell you how it began;
But ay ſhe wail'd her wretched life,
And cry'd ever, Alake, my auld goodman.

HE.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
The country kens where he was born,
Was but a ſilly poor vagabond,
And ilka ane leugh him to ſcorn;
For he did ſpend, and make an end
Of gear that his forefathers wan,
He gart the poor ſtand frae the door,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

My heart, alake, is liken to break,
When I think on my winſome JOHN,
His blinken eye, and gate ſae free,
Was naething like thee, thou doſen'd drone.
His roſie face, and flaxen hair,
And a ſkin as white as ony ſwan,
Was large and tall, and comely withal,
And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

HE.

Why doſt thou pleen? I chee maintain,
For meal and mawt thou diſna want;
But thy wild bees I canna pleaſe,
Now when our gear 'gins to grow ſcant.
Of houſehold ſtuff thou haſt enough,
Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
Of ſiklike ware he left thee bare,
Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

SHE.

Yes, I may tell, and fret my ſell,
To think on theſe blyth days I had,
When he and I together lay
In arms into a well made bed:
But now I ſigh and may be ſad,
Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
Thou falds thy feet, and ſa's aſleep,
And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night ſae dark,
And gane was a' the light o' day;
The carl was fear'd to miſs his mark,
And therefore wad nae langer ſtay.
Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
I trow the wife the day ſhe wan,
And ay the o'erword of the fray
Was ever, *Alake, my auld goodman.*

Auld Sir Simon the King.

Some ſay kiſſing's a ſin,
But I ſay that winna ſtand;
It is a moſt innocent thing,
And allow'd by the laws of the land.

If it were a tranſgreſſion,
The miniſters it would reprove,
But they, their elders and ſeſſion,
Can do it as well as the lave.

Its lang ſince it came in faſhion,
I'm ſure it will never be done,
As lang as there's in the nation
A lad, laſs, wife, or a lown.

What can I ſay more to commend it,
Tho' I ſhould ſpeak all my life?
Yet this will I ſay in the end o't,
Let ev'ry man kiſs his ain wife.

Let him kiſs her, clap her, and dawt her,
And gie her benevolence due,
And that will a thrifty wife make her,
And ſae I'll bid farewell to you.

Auld Wife beyont the Fire.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
And ſhe had dochters nine or ten,
That ſought the houſe baith but and ben,
To find their mam a ſniſhing.
The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife anieſt the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of ſniſhing *.

Her mill into ſome hole had fawn,
Whatrecks, quoth ſhe, let it be gawn,
For I maun hae a young goodman
Shall furniſh me with ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Her eldeſt dochter ſaid right bauld,
Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if ye with a younker wald,
He'll waſte away your ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

The youngeſt dochter gae a ſhout,
O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
Beſides ha'f blind, you hae the gout,
Your mill can had nae ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
For I hae baith a tooth and ſtump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting of my ſniſhing.
The auld wife, &c.

* Sniſhing, in its literal meaning, is ſnuff made of tobacco; but in this ſong it means ſometimes contentment, a huſband, love, money, *&c.*

Thole ye, says PEG, that pauky slut,
Mother, if you can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol-bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To win herself a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow't,
And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze,
Which brak the auld tooth by the neez,
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

She of the tax began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
Assoon as ye're past mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of snishing:
Else like this wife beyont the fire,
Your bairns against you will conspire;
Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
A young man with your snishing.

ANDRO and his Cutty Gun.

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was ſhe,
Blyth was ſhe butt and ben;
And weel ſhe loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to ſee a tappit hen.
She took me in, and ſet me down,
And heght to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carling that ſhe was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But waes my heart my caſh was done,
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to pawn my ſhoon.
When we had three times toom'd our ſtoup,
And the neiſt chappin new begun,
In ſtarted, to heeze up our hope,
Young ANDRO wi' his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes well toaſted brown,
Well does the kanny kimmer ken
They gar the ſcuds gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
And ay the cleareſt drinker out,
Was ANDRO wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis ſing,
And as I in his oxter ſat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a ſappy kiſs I gat.
I hae been eaſt, I hae been weſt,
I hae been far ayont the ſun;
But the blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
Was ANDRO wi' his cutty gun.

B

Broom of Cowdenknows.

HOW blythe, ilk morn, was I to ſee
My ſwain come o'er the hill!
He ſkipt the burn, and flew to me;
I met him with good will.
O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſae ſweet,
The birds ſtood liſt'ning by;
Ev'n the dull cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we ſpent our time, by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho' ne'er ſo rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I ſhou'd baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
He ſta' my heart; cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee ſoup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked ſtick,
May now ly uſeleſs by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewell a' pleaſures there;
Ye gods, reſtore me to my ſwain,
Is a' I crave, or care.
O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were with my dear ſwain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

Same Tune.

When ſummer comes, the ſwains on Tweed
Sing their ſucceſsful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And muſic fills the groves.

But my lov'd ſong is then the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For ſure ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaken reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Cou'd play with half ſuch art.

He ſung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderſide,
Oh! how I bleſs'd the ſound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowdenknows;
For ſure ſo freſh, ſo bright a bloom
Elſewhere there never grows.
Not Tiviot braes ſo green and gay
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the buſh aboon Traquair.
More pleaſing far are Cowdenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At ev'n among the broom.
Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the beſt of ſwains,
And my lov'd Cowdenknows.

Bonny JEAN.

LOVE's goddeſs, in a myrtle grove,
Said, CUPID, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let thy ſhaft at random rove,
For JEANY's haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy, with art divine,
From Paphos ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny JEAN.
No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes WILLY's kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt ev'ry day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny JEAN.

A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his JEANY is turn'd kind;
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny JEAN.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen,
With breaking day he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny JEAN.

Same Tune.

NOW Spring begins her ſmiling round,
And laviſh paints th' enamell'd ground;
The birds now lift their chearful voice,
And gay on ev'ry bough rejoice:
The lovely Graces, hand in hand,
Knit faſt in Love's eternal band,
With early ſtep, at morning dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where-e'er the youthful ſiſters move,
They fire the ſoul to genial love:
Now, by the river's painted ſide,
The ſwain delights his country bride;
While pleas'd ſhe hears his artleſs vows,
Each bird his feather'd conſort wooes:
Soon will the ripen'd Summer yield
Her various gifts to ev'ry field.

The fertile trees, a lovely ſhow!
With ruby-tinctur'd birth ſhall glow;
Sweet ſmells from beds of lilies borne,
Perfume the breezes of the morn:
The ſmiling day and dewy night,
To rural ſcenes my fair invite;
With ſummer-ſweets to feaſt her eye,
Yet ſoon, ſoon will the ſummer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' inſtructive ſhow.
Now young and blooming thou appears,
All in the flouriſh of thy years;
The lovely bud ſhall ſoon diſcloſe
To ev'ry eye the bluſhing roſe;
Now, now, the tender ſtalk is ſeen,
With beauty freſh, and ever green:

But when the ſunny hours are paſt,
Think not the coz'ning ſcene will laſt;
Let not the flatterer, Hope, perſuade,
Ah! muſt I ſay, that it will fade?
For ſee the ſummer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay!
Now winter from the frozen north,
Drives ſwift his iron chariot forth.

His griſly hands in icy chains
Fair Tweda's ſilver ſtream conſtrains:
Caſt up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare;
Behold his footſteps dire are ſeen
Confeſt o'er ev'ry with'ring green.
Griev'd at the ſight, when thou ſhalt ſee
A ſnowy wreath to cloath each tree,

Frequenting now the ſtream no more
Thou fleeſt, diſpleas'd, the frozen ſhore.
When thou ſhalt miſs the flow'rs that grew
But late, to charm thy raviſh'd view;

Then ſhall a ſigh thy ſoul invade,
And o'er thy pleaſures caſt a ſhade:
Shall I, ah! horrid! wilt thou ſay,
Be like to this ſome other day?

But when in ſnow and dreary froſt
The pleaſure of the field is loſt,
To blazing hearths at home we run,
And fires ſupply the diſtant ſun;
In gay delights our hours employ,
And do not loſe, but change our joy:
Happy! abandon ev'ry care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair,

To turn the page of ſacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
In cities thus, with witty friends,
In ſmiles the hoary ſeaſon ends.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale aſhy cheek is fled,
Then wrinkles dire and age ſevere,
Make beauty fly we know not where;

The fair, whom Fates unkind diſarm,
Ah! muſt they ever ceaſe to charm?
Or is there left ſome pleaſing art,
To keep ſecure a captive heart?
Unhappy love! may lovers ſay,
Beauty, thy food does ſwift decay;
When once that ſhort-liv'd ſtock is ſpent,
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good ſenſe with timeous care,
That Love may live on Wiſdom's fare;
Tho' Ecſtaſy with Beauty flies,
Eſteem is born when Beauty dies.
Happy the man whom Fates decree
Their richeſt gift in giving thee:
Thy beauty ſhall his youth engage,
Thy wiſdom ſhall delight his age.

Banks of Forth.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray
The ſun returning glads the day;
Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,
The hawthorn blooms, the daiſie glows,
The trees regain their verdant pride,
The turtle wooes his tender bride,
To love each warbler tunes the ſong,
And Forth in dimples glides along.

O more than blooming daiſies fair!
More fragrant than the vernal air!
More gentle than the turtle-dove,
Or ſtreams that murmur through the grove!
Bethink thee all is on the wing,
Theſe pleaſures wait on waſting ſpring;
Then come, the tranſient bliſs enjoy;
Nor fear what fleets ſo faſt will cloy.

Same Tune.

YE ſylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
Where ſweetly-winding Fortha glides,
Conduct me to theſe banks again,
Since there my charming MOLLY bides.
Theſe banks that breathe their vernal ſweets,
Where ev'ry ſmiling beauty meets;
Where MOLLY's charms adorn the plain,
And chear the heart of ev'ry ſwain.

Thrice happy were the golden days,
When I, amidſt the rural throng,
On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
And MOLLY's charms were all my ſong.
While ſhe was preſent all were gay,
No ſorrow did our mirth allay;
We ſung of pleaſure, ſung of love,
And muſic breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happieſt ſwain!
No adverſe fortune marr'd my joy;
The ſhepherd ſigh'd for her in vain,
On me ſhe ſmil'd, to them was coy.
O'er Fortha's mazy banks we ſtray'd:
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid;
The beauteous maid my love return'd,
And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the graſſy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming MOLLY lull'd aſleep:
My heart then leap'd with inward bliſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd, and ſtole a kiſs;
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, and faintly blam'd,
Why, DAMON, are you not aſham'd?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their muſic chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we ſung our loves,
And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral ſmile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely proſpect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the ſky.

Ye ſylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,
To whom we ſwains our cares impart,
Reſtore me to theſe bleſs'd abodes,
And eaſe, oh eaſe! my love-ſick heart;
Theſe happy days again reſtore,
When MOLL and I ſhall part no more;
When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing arms,
And crown my bliſs with all her charms.

Buſh aboon Traquair.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry ſwain,
I'll tell how PEGGY grieves me;
Though thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My vows and ſighs, like ſilent air,
Unheeded never move her.
At the bonny buſh aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I firſt did love her.

That day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſoothe my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
Its ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould PEGGY grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her ſmiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn deſpair,
My paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Birks of Invermay.

THE ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring,
Invite the tuneful birds to ſing;
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade:
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters pleaſe no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites ſing,
The rocks around with echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vye
In tuneful ſtrains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their ſummer-ſuits,
To mirth all nature now invites;
Let us be blythſome then, and gay,
Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and friſking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bees, with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladneſs call;
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance;
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

Braes of Ballenden.

BENEATH a green ſhade, a lovely young ſwain
One ev'ning reclin'd to diſcover his pain;
So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
Rude winds, with compaſſion, could hear him complain,
Yet CHLOE, leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er CHLOE's bright charms firſt flaſh'd in my view;
Thoſe eyes then, with pleaſure, the dawn could ſurvey,
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning more chearful than they;
Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight,
I'm tortur'd in pleaſure, and languiſh in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I purſue,
All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew;
From ſunſhine to zephyrs and ſhades we repair,
To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame;
No winter can cool it, no ſummer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind;
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

Braes of Yarrow.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow;
There will we sport and gather dew,
Dancing while lav'rocks sing the morning:
There learn frae turtles to prove true;
O BELL, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes FLORA yields,
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Though on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny BELL,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I softly to my fair,
Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting;
O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonny BELL's consenting.

Bonny Barbara Allan.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Græme in the weſt country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He ſent his man down thro' the town,
To the place where ſhe was dwelling,
O haſte and come to my maſter dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly roſe ſhe up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when ſhe drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think you're dying.

O its I'm ſick, and very very ſick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a ſpilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man, ſaid ſhe,
When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And ſlighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing,
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And ſlowly, ſlowly raiſe ſhe up,
And ſlowly, ſlowly left him;
And ſighing, ſaid, ſhe cou'd not ſtay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When ſhe heard the dead-bell ringing,
And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it ſaft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

Lady Bothwell's Lament.

Balow, my boy, ly ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep:
If thoul't be ſilent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full ſad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
Balow, my boy, ly ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep.

Balow, my darling, ſleep a while,
And when thou wak'ſt then ſweetly ſmile;
But ſmile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay God forbid;
For in thine eye his look I ſee,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his ſugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,
In time to me did not appear;
But now I ſee that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Farewell, farewell, thou falſeſt youth
That ever kiſs'd a woman's mouth;
Let never any after me
Submit unto thy courteſy:
For, if they do, O! cruel thou
Wilt her abuſe, and care not how.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the firſt,
To yield thee all a maiden durſt,
Thou ſwore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
But quick as thought the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promiſe nought.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wiſh I were a maid again,
From young mens flatt'ry I'd refrain,
For now unto my grief I find,
They all are perjur'd and unkind:
Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
Witneſs my babe lyes in my arms.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worſe,
That I muſt needs be now a nurſe,
And lull my young ſon on my lap,
From me, ſweet orphan, take the pap,
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliſs exil'd.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whoſe greateſt grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deſerved ſmart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart;
For, too ſoon truſting lateſt finds,
With faireſt tongues are falſeſt minds.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftleſs ſon has play'd,
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curſe and mine
Make him eat acorns with the ſwine.
Balow, my boy, &c.

But curſe not him; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorſe, is bleſſing thee:
Perhaps at death; for who can tell,
Whether the Judge of heaven or hell,
By ſome proud foe has ſtruck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.
Balow, my boy, &c.

I wiſh I were into the bounds,
Where he lyes ſmother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair.
No woman's yet ſo fiercely ſet,
But ſhe'll forgive, though not forget.
Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's ſake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My ſmock once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-ſheet.
Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee:
Too ſoon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a ſum,
GOD grant thee patience when they come;
Born to ſuſtain thy mother's ſhame,
A hapleſs fate, a baſtard's name.
Balow, my boy, ly ſtill and ſleep,
It grieves me ſore to hear thee weep.

Bonny Earl of MURRAY.

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
Oh! where have you been?
They have ſlain the Earl of MURRAY,
And they laid him on the green!
They have, &c.

Now wae be to thee, HUNTLY,
And wherefore did you ſae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbad you him to ſlay.
I bade, &c.
He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
Oh! he might have been a king.
And the, &c.
He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba':
And the bonny Earl of MURRAY
Was the flower amang them a'.
And the, &c.
He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove:
And the bonny Earl of MURRAY,
Oh! he was the queen's love.
And the, &c.
Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er the caſtle Down,
E'er ſhe ſee the Earl of MURRAY
Come ſounding through the town.

Bonny Boatman.

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny boatman,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot—man:
In haly bands
We join'd our hands,
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuſe in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat—man,
E'er I cou'd for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny Scot—man.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views
Love's arts to uſe,
While ſtrangers to its paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Who pants to preſs thy bawmy ~~youth~~ Mouth
And in her boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty boatman,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

Blink over the Burn, ſweet BETTY.

LEAVE kindred and friends, ſweet BETTY,
Leave kindred and friends for me:
Aſſur'd thy ſervant is ſteddy
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature and fortune
May fly by chance as they came;
They're grounds the deſtinies ſport on,
But virtue is ever the ſame.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
Thy charms ſo heavenly appear,
That other beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my dear.

And ſhou'd life's ſorrows embitter
The pleaſure we promis'd our loves,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſunder like doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my love in my arms!
By thee to be graſp'd, and kiſſed!
And live on thy heaven of charms!
I'd laugh at Fortune's caprices,
Shou'd Fortune capricious prove;
Though death ſhou'd tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love.

BESSY'S Haggies.

BESSY'S beauties ſhine ſae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,
She wad ever gie delight,
And in tranſport make me view her.
Bonny BESSY, thee alane
Love I, naething elſe about thee;
With thy comelineſs I'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

BESSY'S boſom's ſaft and warm,
Milk-white fingers ſtill employ'd,
He who takes her to his arm,
Of her ſweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
My dear BESSY, when the roſes
Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Virtue, which thy mind diſcloſes,
Will keep love from growing caulder.

BESSY'S tocher is but ſcanty,
Yet her face and ſoul diſcovers
Theſe enchanting ſweets in plenty
Muſt entice a thouſand lovers.

It's not money, but a woman
Of a temper kind and eaſy,
That gives happineſs uncommon,
Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

Bagrie o't.

When I think on this warld's pelf,
And how little I hae o't to myſelf;
I ſigh when I look on my thread-bare coat,
And ſhame fa' the gear and the bagrie o't.

Jenny was the lad that held the plough,
But now he has got gould and gear enough;
I weel mind the day when he was na' worth a groat,
And ſhame fa', &c.

Jenny was the laſs that mucked the byre,
But now ſhe goes in her ſilken attire:
And ſhe was a laſs who wore a plaiding coat,
And ſhame fa', &c.

Yet a' this ſhall never danton me,
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free;
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,
May the d—l take the gear and the bagrie o't.

Bonnieſt Laſs in a' the Warld.

Look where my dear Hamilla ſmiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The Loves and Graces arm her.
A bluſh dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair ſeats of youthful pleaſures,
There love in ſmiling language ſpeaks,
There ſpreads his roſy treaſures.

O faireſt maid, I own thy pow'r,
I gaze, I ſigh, and languiſh,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguiſh.
But eaſe, O charmer! eaſe my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art faireſt of the fair,
So I the deareſt love thee.

Bonny CHRISTY.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green!
Sweet taſte the peach and cherry;
Painting and order pleaſe our e'en,
And claret makes us merry:
But fineſt colours, fruits and flow'rs,
And wine, though I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of CHRISTY.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in conſort chanting?
But if my CHRISTY tunes her voice,
I'm wrapt in admiration;
My thoughts with extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And often mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman:
But, dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate EDIE by a burn,
His CHRISTY did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My CHRISTY!—witneſs, bonny ſtream,
Sic joys frae tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a dream;
O love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for tauk;
This point of a' his wiſhes
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on kiſſes.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
They are twa bonny laſſes,
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae,
And theck'd it o'er wi' raſhes.
Fair BESSY BELL I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter:
But MARY GRAY's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now BESSY's hair's like a lint-tap;
She ſmiles like a May morning,
When PHOEBUS ſtarts frae THETIS' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waſte and feet's ſu' genty;
With ilka grace ſhe can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And MARY's locks are like a craw,
Her e'en like diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her airs ſae gracefu' ſtill,
O JOVE, ſhe's like thy PALLAS.

Dear BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,
Ye unco ſair oppreſs us;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are ſic bonny laſſes:
Waes me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

Birks of Abergeldie.

I THOUGHT it once a loneſome life,
A loneſome life, a loneſome life,
I thought it once a loneſome life,
To ly ſae lang my lane, jo.
But who would not my caſe regret?
Since I am curſed with a mate,
What once I long'd for, now I hate;
I'm quite another man, jo.

When I was full out nineteen years,
Out nineteen years, out nineteen years,
When I was full out nineteen years,
I held my head fu' high, jo;
Then I reſolv'd to take a laſs,
Ne'er thought on what would come to paſs,
Nor look'd in matrimony's glaſs,
Till headlong down I came, jo.

Before the fatal marriage-day,
So keen was I, so keen was I,
I reſted neither night nor day,
But wander'd up and down, jo.
To pleaſe her I took meikle care,
Ane would hae thought I ſought nae mair
In the wide warld to my ſhare,
But her wrapt in her gown, jo.

My own ſmall ſtock did ſcarce defray,
Did ſcarce defray, did ſcarce defray,
My own ſmall ſtock did ſcarce defray,
Half of the marriage-charge, jo;
For things belonging to a houſe,
I gave till I left ne'er a ſouce;
O but I'm turned wond'rous douſe,
And ſiller's nae ſae large, jo.

Her father, and her friends likewiſe,
Her friends likewiſe, her friends likewiſe,
Did hold her out for ſuch a prize,
I thought nae labour loſt, jo.
I dreſs'd myſelf from neck to heel,
And all was for a gilded pill;
Now I would wiſh the meikle deil
Had her, and pay the coſt, jo.

Her father ſent a ſhip to ſea,
A ſhip to ſea, a ſhip to ſea,
When it returns, quoth he to me,
I'll pay you ilka plack, jo.
The ſervants grumble, goodwife raves,
When hungry ſtomach ſore them craves,
Now I am told by the old knave,
The ſhip will ne'er come back, jo.

Alack-a-day, what will I do,
What will I do, what will I do,
Alack-a-day, what will I do?
The honey-month is done, jo.

My glitt'ring gold is all turn'd droſs,
And ſiller ſcarcely will be braſs.
I've nothing but a bonny laſs,
And ſhe's quite out of tune, jo.

Yet ſhe lays all the blame on me,
The blame on me, the blame on me,
Says I brought her to miſery,
This is a weary life, jo.
I'd run to the wide warld's end,
If I could leave but her behind;
I'm out of hopes ſhe'll ever mend;
She's prov'd a very wife, jo.

Now, bachelors, be wiſe in time,
Be wiſe in time, be wiſe in time,
Tho' ſhe's call'd modeſt, fair and fine,
And rich in gold and plate, jo;
Yet ye'll have cauſe to curſe hard Fate,
If once ſhe catch you in her net;
Your blazing ſtar will ſoon be ſet;
Then look before you leap, jo.

Bonny Laſs of Brankſome.

AS I came in by Tiviot-ſide,
And by the braes of Brankſome,
There firſt I ſaw my bonny bride,
Young, ſmiling, ſweet, and handſome;
Her ſkin was ſafter than the down,
And white as alabaſter;
Her hair a ſhining wavy brown;
In ſtraightneſs nane ſurpaſt her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were ſurpriſing,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breaſts juſt riſing:

Nae ſilken hoſe with gooſhets fine,
Or ſhoon with glancing laces,
On her bare leg forbade to ſhine,
Well-ſhapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was ſum of a' her claithing;
Ev'n theſe o'er meikle;—mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naething.
She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted;
On her I glowr'd my ſaul away,
While on her ſweets I doated.

A thouſand beauties of deſert
Before had ſcarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artleſs ſtruck my heart,
And, butt deſigning, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, cloſe to my breaſt,
I graſp'd this fund of bliſſes;
Wha ſmil'd, and ſaid, Without a prieſt,
Sir, hope for nought but kiſſes.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I cou'dna want her;
What ſhe demanded, ilka charm
Of hers pled, I ſhou'd grant her.
Since Heav'n had dealt to me a rowth,
Straight to the kirk I led her;
There plighted her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

Bob of Dumblane.

LASSIE, lend me your bra' hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my ripling kame;
For fainneſs, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the Bob of Dumblane.

Haſte ye gang to the ground of your trunkies,
Buſk ye braw, and dinna think ſhame;
Conſider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.

Be frank, my laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And tak my word and offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it meikle
Ye did not accept of the Bob of Dumblane,
The dinner, the piper, and prieſt ſhall be ready,
For I'm grown dowie wi' lying my lane;
Away then, leave baith minny and daddy,
And try with me the Bob of Dumblane.

Butter May.

IN yonder town there wons a May,
Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
She is ſae jimp, ſae gamp, ſae gay,
Sae capernoytie, and ſae bonny;
She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
But ſhe was very ill to win;
She wadna hae him except he were bonny,
Tho' he were ne'er ſae noble of kin.

Her bonnyneſs has been foreſeen,
In ilka town, baith far and near,
And when ſhe kirns her minny's kirn,
She rubs her face till it grows clear;
But when her minny did perceive
Sic great inlack amang the butter,
Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,
'Tis creeſh that gars your grunzie glitter.
There's Dunkyſon, Davyſon, Robie Carniel,
The laſs wi' the petticoat dances right weel.
Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrum, Stony,
An ye dance ony mair we'ſe tell Meſs JOHNY.
Sing, &c.

Blythsome Bridal.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For JOCKY's *to be married to* MAGGIE,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

And there will be langkail and porridge,
And bannocks of barley-meal,
And there will be good sawt herring,
To relish a cogue of good ale.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be SANEY the sutor,
And WILL wi' the meikle mou:
And there will be TAM the blutter,
With ANDREW the tinkler I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged ROBIE,
With thumbless KATIE's goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked DOWBIE,
And LAWRIE the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be sowlibber PATIE,
And plucky-fac'd WAT i' th' mill,
Capper-nos'd FRANCIE, and GIBBIE
That wons in the how o' the hill;
And there will be ALASTER SIBBIE,
Wha in wi' black BESSY did mool,
With shivelling LILLY, and TIBBY,
The lass that stands aft on the stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And MADGE that was buckled to STEENIE,
And coft him grey breeks to his arse,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd nae warse:
And there will be gleed GEORDY JANNERS,
And KIRSH wi' the lily-white leg,
Who gade to the south for manners,
And bang'd up her wame in Monsmeg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be JUDEN MACLAWRIE,
And blinkin daft BARBARA MACLEG,
Wi' flea-lugged ſharny-fac'd LAWRIE,
And ſhangy-mou'd halucket MEG,
And there will be happer-ars'd NANSY,
And fairy-fac'd FLOWRIE by name,
Muck MADIE, and fat-hippit GRISY,
The laſs wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again GIBBY,
Wi' his glaiket wife JENNY BELL,
And meaſly-ſhinn'd MUNGO MACAPIE,
The lad that was ſkipper himſel.
There lads, and laſſes in pearlings,
Will feaſt i' the heart of the ha',
On ſybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith ſodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochen,
With fouth of good gabbock of ſkate,
Powſowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
And caller nowtfeet in a plate.
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whytens and ſpaldings enew,
And ſing'd ſheepheads, and a haggies,
And ſcadlips to ſup till ye ſpue.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
And ſowens, and farles, and baps,
With ſwats, and well-ſcraped paunches,
And brandy in ſtoups and in caps:
And there will be mealkail and caſtocks,
And ſkink to ſup till ye rive;
And roaſts to roaſt on a brander
Of ſlowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dulſe and tangles,
And a mill of good ſniſhen to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll riſe up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For JOCKY's *to be married to* MAGGIE,
The laſs wi' the gowden hair.

The Jolly Beggar.

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was bound,
And he took up his quarters into a land'art town,
Fa la la, &c.

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or elſe afore the fire.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean ſtraw and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

Up raiſe the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there ſhe ſaw the beggar ſtandin i' the floor.

He took the laſſie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly! hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our goodman.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he ſpake,
Until he got his turn done, ſyne he began to crack.

Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me true.
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow?

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang.
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor man?
Then ſhe took up the mealpocks and flang them o'er the wa',
The d—l gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a'.
I took ye for ſome gentleman, at leaſt the Laird of Brodie;
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the poor bodie?
He took the laſſie in his arms, and gae her kiſſes three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurice-fee.
He took a horn frae his ſide, and blew baith loud and ſhrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came ſkipping o'er the hill.
And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the braweſt gentleman that was amang them a'.
The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap ſhoulder height,
O ay for ſicken quarters as I gat yeſternight.
Fa la la, &c.

The Humble Beggar.

IN Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar,
He had neither houſe, nor hald, nor hame,
But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,
And they gae him ſunkets to rax his wame.

A nivefow of meal, and handfow of groats,
A daad of bannock, or herring brie,
Cauld parradge, or the lickings of plates,
Wad make him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
The feint a bit of pride had he,
He wad a ta'en his a'ms in a bikker
Frae gentleman or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hang,
In as good order as wallets could be;
A fung kail-gooly hang down by his fide,
And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warfe,
It happen'd fae that he did die;
And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
But lads and laffes of a high degree.

Some were blyth, and ſome were ſad,
And ſome they play'd at Blind Harrie;
But ſuddiedly up-ſtarted the auld carle,
I redd you, good folks, tak tent o' me.

Up gat KATE that ſat i' the nook,
Vow kimmer, and how do ye?
Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,
And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
E'en fair fa' the companie;
But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk-yard
He dunted on the kiſt, the boards did flie;
And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,
In fell the kiſt, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cald, I'm unca cald,
Fu' faſt ran the folk, and fu' faſt ran he;
But he was firſt hame at his ain ingle-ſide,
And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

C

Charms of Lovely PEGGY.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal ſhell,
To hills and dales my paſſion tell;
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my PEGGY.
Yet greater bards the lyre ſhould hit;
For pray what ſubject is more fit,
Than to record the ſacred wit
And bloom of lovely PEGGY?

The ſun juſt riſing in the morn,
That paints the new-beſpangled thorn,
Does not ſo much the day adorn
As does my lovely PEGGY.
And when in THETIS' lap to reſt,
He ſtreaks with gold the ruddy weſt,
He's not ſo beauteous as, undreſt,
Appears my lovely PEGGY.

Were ſhe array'd in ruſtic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon my oaten reed,
To pleaſe my lovely PEGGY.
With her a cottage would delight,
All pleaſes while ſhe's in my ſight;
But when ſhe's gone 'tis endleſs night,
All's dark without my PEGGY.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damaſk roſe,
They do not half the ſweets diſcloſe,
As does my lovely PEGGY.

I ſtole a kiſs the other day,
And, truſt me, nought but truth I ſay,
The fragrant breath of blooming May
Was not ſo ſweet as PEGGY.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or ſtately ſwans the waters love,
So long ſhall I love PEGGY.
And when Death, with his pointed dart,
Shall ſtrike the blow that wounds my heart,
My words ſhall be, when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely PEGGY.

Cold Frosty Morning.

WHEN innocent paſtime our pleaſures did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
Ere ANNIE became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was ſhe?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful ANNIE,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a jee:
O! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
And favour thy JAMIE wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give ANNIE the ſpleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lapdogs or monkies draw tears from thoſe een,
That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful ANNIE,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me:
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think upon JAMIE wha doats upon thee.

Ah! ſhould a new mantua or Flanders lace head,
Or yet a wee coatie, though never ſo fine,
Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed,
That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine?

Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful ANNIE,
And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me:
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangled SANY,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair ANNIE,
And aim at thoſe beniſons promis'd to me?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful ANNIE,
And never prefer a light dancer to me:
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy JAMIE wha doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer! on ilka ſweet hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
Ere ſquirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had pow'r
To rival my love, or impoſe upon thee.
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful ANNIE,
And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me:
O! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

Cumbernauld Houſe.

FROM anxious zeal and factious ſtrife,
From all th' uneaſy cares of life,
From beauty ſtill to merit blind,
And ſtill to fools and coxcombs kind;
To where the woods, in brighteſt green,
Like riſing theatres are ſeen,
Where gently murm'ring runs the rill,
And draws freſh ſtreams from ev'ry hill:
Where PHILOMEL, in mournful ſtrains,
Like me, of hopeleſs love complains,
Retir'd I paſs the livelong day,
And idly trifle life away:

My lyre to tender accents ſtrung,
I tell each ſlight, each ſcorn and wrong,
Then reaſon to my aid I call,
Review paſt ſcenes, and ſcorn them all.

Superior thoughts my mind engage,
Allur'd by NEWTON's tempting page,
Through new-found worlds I wing my flight,
And trace the glorious ſource of light:
But ſhould CLARINDA there appear,
With all her charms of ſhape and air,
How frail my fixt reſolves would prove,
Again I'd yield, again I'd love!

Country Laſs.

ALTHO' I be but a country laſs,
Yet a lofty mind I bear—O,
And think myſell as good as thoſe
That rich apparel wear—O.
Altho' my gown be hame-ſpun grey,
My ſkin it is as ſoft—O,
As them that ſatin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft—O.

What tho' I keep my father's ſheep?
The thing that muſt be done—O,
With garlands of the fineſt flowers
To ſhade me frae the ſun—O.
When they are feeding pleaſantly,
Where graſs and flowers do ſpring—O,
Then on a flow'ry bank at noon,
I ſet me down and ſing—O.

My Paiſley piggy cork'd with ſage,
Contains my drink but thin—O:
No wines do e'er my brain enrage,
Or tempt my mind to ſin—O.

My country curds and wooden ſpoon
I think them unco fine—O,
And on a ſlow'ry bank at noon
I ſet me down and dine—O.

Altho' my parents cannot raiſe
Great bags of ſhining gold—O,
Like them whoſe daughters now-a-days
Like ſwine are bought and ſold—O;
Yet my fair body it ſhall keep
An honeſt heart within—O,
And for twice fifty thouſand crowns
I value not a pin—O.

I uſe nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck—O,
Nor ſhining rings upon my hands,
My fingers ſtraight to deck—O.
But for that lad to me ſhall fa',
And I have grace to wed—O,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead—O.

If canny Fortune give to me
The man I dearly love—O,
Tho' we want gear I dinna care,
My hands I can improve—O.
Expecting for a bleſſing ſtill
Deſcending from above—O,
Then we'll embrace and ſweetly kiſs,
Repeating tales of love—O.

Corn Riggs are bonny.

MY PATIE is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize;
He's ſtately in his wawking;
The ſhining of his een ſurpriſe;
'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
That ſet my heart a-glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtely ſhould be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry PATE,
And ſyne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late
Where corn rigs are bonny.

Collier's Bonny Laſſie.

THE collier has a daughter,
And O ſhe's wonder bonny,
A laird he was that ſought her,
Rich baith in lands and money:
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honeſt lover;
But love is like the ocean;
Wha can its depth diſcover!

He had the art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.

The collier's bonnie laſſie,
Fair as the new-blown lillie,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the heart of WILLIE.

He lov'd beyond expreſſion
The charms that were about her,
And panted for poſſeſſion,
His life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
Cloſe to his breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny collier's daughter,
Let naething diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye:
For I have gear in plenty,
And love ſays, 'tis my duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and beauty.

Clout the Caldron.

HAVE you any pots or pans,
Or any broken chandlers?
I am a tinker to my trade,
And newly come frae Flanders,
As ſcant of ſiller as of grace,
Diſbanded, we've a bad run;
Gar tell the lady of the place,
I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
I'll do't to your contentment,
And dinna care a ſingle flie
For any man's reſentment;

For lady fair, though I appear
To ev'ry ane a tinker,
Yet to yourſell I'm bauld to tell,
I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love JUPITER into a ſwan
Turn'd for his lovely LEDA;
He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
To carry aff Europa.
Then may not I, as well as he,
To cheat your Argos blinker,
And win your love, like mighty JOVE,
Thus hide me in a tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
But this fine plot you'll fail in,
For there is neither pot nor pan
Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
Then bind your budget on your back,
And nails up in your apron,
For I've a tinkler under tack
That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Carle came o'er the Craft.

THE carl he came o'er the craft,
And his beard new ſhav'n
He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
The carl trows that I wad hae him.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
For a' his beard be new ſhav'n;
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A ſiller broach he gae me nieſt,
To faſten on my curchea nooked,
I wor'd a wi upon my breaſt;
But ſoon, alake! the tongue o't crooked;
And ſae may his, I winna hae him,
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him,
Ane twice a bairn's a laſs's jeſt,
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carl has na fault but ane;
For he has lands and dollars plenty;
But waes me for him! ſkin and bane
Is no for a plump laſs of twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
What ſignifies his dirty riggs,
And caſh, without a man wi' them.

But ſhou'd my canker'd dady gar
Me tak him 'gainſt my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their ſtation.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na, forſooth, I winna hae him!
I'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
Sae lawty ſays, I ſhou'd nae hae him.

Caſt away Care.

CARE, away gae thou frae me,
For I am no fit match for thee,
Thou bereaves me of my wits,
Wherefore I hate thy frantic fits:
Therefore I will care no moir,
Since that in cares comes no reſtoir;
But I will ſing hey down a dee,
And caſt doilt care away frae me.

If I want, I care to get,
The moir I have, the moir I fret;
Love I much, I care for moir,
The moir I have I think I'm poor:
Thus grief and care my mind oppreſs,
Nor wealth nor wae gives no redreſs;
Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,
Since care has coſt me meikle pain.

Is not this warld a ſliddry ball?
And thinks men ſtrange to catch a fall!
Does not the ſea baith ebb and flow?
And Fortune's but a painted ſhow.
Why ſhou'd men take care or grief,
Since that by theſe comes no relief?
Some careful ſaw what careleſs reap,
And waſters ware what niggarts ſcrape.

Well then, ay learn to knaw thyſelf,
And care not for this warldly pelf:
Whether thy 'ſtate be great or ſmall,
Give thanks to GOD whate'er befall,
Sae ſall thou than ay live at eaſe,
No ſudden grief ſhall thee diſpleaſe;
Then mayſt thou ſing, hey down a dee,
When thou haſt caſt all care frae thee.

Cock Laird.

A COCK laird fou cadgie,
With JENNY did meet.
He haws'd her, he kiſs'd her,
And ca'd her his ſweet.
Wilt thou gae alang
Wi' me, JENNY, JENNY?
Thouſe be my ain lemmane,
Jo JENNY, quoth he.

If I gae alang wi' ye,
Ye mauna fail
To feaſt me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel's in your nicety,
JENNY, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinners,
With pearling ſet round,
A ſkirt of puddy,
And a waſtecoat of brown,
Awa' with ſik vanities,
JENNY, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdſhip can yield me
As meikle a year,
As had us in pottage
And good knockit beer:
But having nae tenants,
O JENNY, JENNY,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

The Borrowſtoun merchants
Will ſell you on tick,
For we maun hae braw things,
Abeit, they ſoud break.
When broken, frae care
The fools are ſet free,
When we mak them lairds
In the Abbey, quoth ſhe.

D

Down the Burn DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When MARY was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blyth DAVIE's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, DAVIE, *love,*
And I shall follow thee.

Now DAVIE did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn side,
And MARY was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride:
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue;
Her looks were like AURORA bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said!
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,
In yonder vale they lean'd them down;
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They ha'd a wawk sae sweet;
And that they often shou'd return
Sik pleasure to renew.
Quoth MARY, *Love, I like the burn,*
And ay shall follow you.

Dumbarton Drums.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny—O,
When they mind me of my dear JONNY—O,
How happy am I,
When my ſoldier is by,
While he kiſſes and bleſſes his ANNIE—O!
'Tis a ſoldier alone can delight me—O,
For his graceful looks do invite me—O:
While guarded in his arms,
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death ſhall e'er fright me—O.

My love is a handſome laddie—O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy O:
Tho' commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year;
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a cadie—O.
A ſoldier has honour and bravery—O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O:
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the king:
For every other care is but ſlavery—O.

Then I'll be the captain's lady—O:
Farewell all my friends and my daddy—O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats I'll be ready—O.
Dumbarton's drums ſound bonny—O,
They are ſprightly like my dear JONNY—O:
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my ſoldier's knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his ANNIE—O!

Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

ON Whitſunday morning
I went to the fair,
My yellow-hair'd laddie
Was ſelling his ware;
He gied me ſick a blyth blink
With his bonny black eye,
And a dear blink, and a ſair blink
It was unto me.

I wiſt not what ail'd me
When my laddie came in,
The little wee ſtarnies
Flew ay frae my een;
And the ſweat it dropt down
Frae my very eye-brie,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

I wiſt not what ail'd me,
When I went to my bed,
I toſſed and tumbled,
And ſleep frae me fled.
Now, its ſleeping and waking
He's ay in my eye,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

Dainty DAVIE.

WHILE fops in faſt Italian verſe,
Ilk fair ane's een and breaſt rehearſe,
While ſangs abound and ſenſe is ſcarce,
Theſe lines I have indited;
But neither darts nor arrows here,
VENUS nor CUPID ſhall appear,
And yet with theſe fine ſounds I ſwear,
The maidens are delited.

I was ay telling you,
Lucky NANSY, *lucky* NANSY,
Auld ſprings wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor ſnaw with crimſon will I mix,
To ſpread upon my laſſie's cheeks;
And ſyne th' unmeaning name prefix,
MIRANDA, CHLOE, or PHILLIS.
I'll fetch nae ſimile frae JOVE,
My height of extaſy to prove,
Nor ſighing—thus—preſent my love
With roſes eke and lilies.
I was ay telling you, &c.

But ſtay,—I had amaiſt forgot
My miſtreſs and my ſang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wat;
But NANSY, 'tis nae matter.
Ye ſee I clink my verſe wi' rhyme,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how ſweet my numbers chyme,
And ſlide away like water.
I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend ſonſy ſair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy half ſhut een and hodling air,
Are a' my paſſion's fewel.
Nae ſkyring gowk, my dear, can ſee,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou haſt charms anew for me,
Then ſmile, and be na cruel.
Leez me on thy ſnawy pow,
Lucky NANSY, *lucky* NANSY,
Dryeſt wood will eitheſt low,
And, NANSY, *ſae will ye now.*

Troth I have ſung the ſang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable NANSY.
But if the warld my paſſion wrang,
And ſay ye only live in ſang,
Ken I deſpiſe a ſland'ring tongue,
And ſing to pleaſe my fanſy.
Leez me on thy, &c.

The Deceiver.

WITH tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
Young WATY wan my heart;
A blyther lad ye coudna ſee,
All beauty without art.
His winning tale
Did ſoon prevail
To gain my fond belief;
But ſoon the ſwain
Gangs o'er the plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
And leaves me full of grief.

Though COLIN courts with tuneful ſang,
Yet few regard his mane;
The laſſes a' round WATY thrang,
While COLIN's left alane:
In Aberdeen
Was never ſeen
A lad that gave ſic pain;
He daily wooes,
And ſtill purſues,
Till he does all, till he does all,
Till he does all obtain.

But ſoon as he has gain'd the bliſs,
Away then does he run,
And hardly will afford a kiſs
To filly me undone:
Bonny KATY,
MAGGY, BEATTY,
Avoid the roving ſwain;
His wyly tongue
Be ſure to ſhun,
Or you like me, or you like me,
Like me will be undone.

Druken Wife o' Gallowa.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarrie,
The goodwife ſhe drank naething but ſack and Canary;
The goodman complain'd to her friends right airly,
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Firſt ſhe drank Crommy, and ſyne ſhe drank Garie,
And ſyne ſhe drank my bonny grey marie,
That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the lairie.
O! gin, &c.

She drank her hoſe, ſhe drank her ſhoon,
And ſyne ſhe drank her bonny new gown;
She drank her ſark that cover'd her rarely,
O! gin, &c.

Wad ſhe drink her ain things, I wadna care,
But ſhe drinks my claiths I canna' weel ſpare;
When I'm wi' my goſſips, it angers me ſairly.
O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat ſhe has laid it a wad,
The beſt blue bonnet e'er was o' my head;
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.
O! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neighbour's wife ſhe has laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed ſtaff that I loo'd ſo dearly.
O! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor ſtriſe,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.
O! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, ſhe maun keep the purſe;
If I ſeek but a bawbie, ſhe'll ſcold and ſhe'll curſe;
She lives like a queen, I ſcrimped and ſparely.
O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when ſhe ſits down, ſhe gets herſel fu',
And when ſhe is fu' ſhe is unco camſtairie.
O! gin, &c.

When ſhe comes to the ſtreet, ſhe roars and ſhe rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the houſe wants;
She rants up ſome fool ſang, like, Up ye'r heart CHARLIE.
O! gin, &c.

When ſhe comes hame, ſhe lays on the lads,
The laſſes ſhe ca's baith b——s and j—s,
And ca's myſel' ay ane auld cuckold carlie.
O! gin, &c.

E

Ettrick Banks.

ON Ettrick banks, in a ſummer's night,
At glowming when the ſheep drave hame,
I met my laſſie braw and tight,
Came wading barefoot a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I ſlang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiſs'd and clapt her there fu' lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I ſaid, My laſſie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Erſe to learn?
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Chear up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, froſts, and ſnaw begin,
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At night when ye ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes, and play a ſpring;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs amang the broom,
And lead you to my ſummer ſhield.
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll langh, and kiſs, and dance, and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

Ew-bughts MARION.

WILL ye go to the ew-bughts, MARION,
And wear in the ſheep wi' me;
The ſun ſhines ſweet, my MARION,
But nae haff ſae ſweet as thee.
O MARION's a bonny laſs,
And the blyth blinks in her eye;
And fain wad I marry MARION,
Gin MARION wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, MARION,
And ſilk on your white hauſe-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiſs my MARION
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnſlaw, MARION,
Wha gape and glowr with their ee,
At kirk when they ſee my MARION;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my MARION,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my MARION,
Juſt on her bridal-day:
And ye's get a green ſey apron,
And waiſtcoat of the London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and ſtout, my MARION;
Nane dance like me on the green;
And gin ye forſake me, MARION,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' JEAN:
Sae put on your pearlins, MARION,
And kyrtle of the cramaſie;
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
I ſhall come weſt and ſee ye.

F

Flowers of the Foreſt.

I'VE ſeen the ſmiling
Of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its bleſſing,
Kind its careſſing,
But now 'tis fled,——fled far away.

I've ſeen the foreſt
Adorn'd the foremoſt,
With flowers of the faireſt, moſt pleaſant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming,
Their ſcent the air perfuming;
But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've ſeen the morning,
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempeſt ſtorming before the mid-day.
I've ſeen Tweed's ſilver ſtreams
Shining in the ſunny beams,
Grow drumbly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune!
Why this cruel ſporting?
O why ſtill perplex us, poor ſons of a day?
Nae mair your ſmiles can chear me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the foreſt are withered away.

Same Tune.

ADIEU, ye ſtreams that ſmoothly glide
Through mazy windings o'er the plain,
I'll in ſome lonely cave reſide,
And ever mourn my faithful ſwain.
Flower of the foreſt was my love,
Soft as the ſighing ſummer's gale,
Gentle and conſtant as the dove,
Blooming as roſes in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my love did ſtray,
For me he ſearch'd the banks around;
But, ah! the ſad and fatal day,
My love, the pride of ſwains, was drown'd.
Now droops the willow o'er the ſtream,
Pale ſtalks his ghoſt on yonder grove,
Dire Fancy paints him in my dream,
Awake I mourn my hopeleſs love.

Flowers of Edinburgh.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
He was the flower of all his kin;
The abſence of his bonny face
Has rent my tender heart in twain.
I day nor night find no delight,
In ſilent tears I ſtill complain;
And exclaim 'gainſt thoſe my rival foes,
That ha'e ta'en from me my darling ſwain.

Deſpair and anguiſh fills my breaſt,
Since I have loſt my blooming roſe;
I ſigh and moan while others reſt,
His abſence yields me no repoſe.
To ſeek my love I'll range and rove,
Thro' ev'ry grove and diſtant plain;
Thus I'll ne'er ceaſe, but ſpend my days,
To hear tidings from my darling ſwain.

There's nothing ſtrange in Nature's change,
Since parents ſhew ſuch cruelty;
They caus'd my love from me to range,
And knows not to what deſtiny.
The pretty kids and tender lambs
May ceaſe to ſport upon the plain;
But I'll mourn and lament in deep diſcontent
For the abſence of my darling ſwain.

Kind NEPTUNE, let me thee entreat,
To ſend a fair and pleaſant gale;
Ye dolphins ſweet, upon me wait,
And convey me on your tail;
Heavens bleſs my voyage with ſucceſs,
While croſſing of the raging main,
And ſend me ſafe o'er to that diſtant ſhore,
To meet my lovely darling ſwain.

All joy and mirth at our return
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;
The bells ſhall ring and ſweet birds ſing,
To grace and crown our nuptial day.
Thus bleſs'd with charms in my love's arms,
My heart once more I will regain;
Then I'll range no more to a diſtant ſhore,
But in love will enjoy my darling ſwain.

Fourteenth of October.

YE gods! was STREPHON's picture bleſt
With the fair heaven of CHLOE's breaſt?
Move ſofter, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brighteſt of thy kind,
For STREPHON was the bliſs deſign'd?
For STREPHON's ſake, dear charming maid,
Didſt thou prefer his wand'ring ſhade?

And thou, bleſt ſhade, that ſweetly art
Lodg'd ſo near my CHLOE's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And ſoftly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it ſcorns to hear
Its wretched maſter's ardent prayer,
Ingroſſing all that beauteous heaven,
That CHLOE, laviſh maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee; were I lord
Of all the wealth theſe breaſts afford,
I'd be a miſer too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh! ſmile not thus, my lovely fair,
On theſe cold looks that lifeleſs are;
Prize him whoſe boſom glows with fire,
With eager love and ſoft deſire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O pow'rful maid,
To life can bring the ſilent ſhade:
Thou canſt ſurpaſs the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But, oh! it ne'er can love like me,
I ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
Then, charmer, grant my fond requeſt,
Say, thou canſt love, and make me bleſt.

Faireſt of her Days.

WHOE'ER beholds my HELEN's face,
And ſays not that good hap has ſhe;
Who hears her ſpeak, and tents her grace,
Sall think nane ever ſpake but ſhe.
The ſhort way to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt of her days.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,
He maun be deem'd devoid of ſkill;
Her virtues kindle ſtrong deſires
In them that think upon her ſtill.
The ſhort way, &c.

Her red is like unto the roſe
Whaſe buds are op'ning to the ſun,
Her comely colours do diſcloſe
The firſt degree of ripeneſs won.
The ſhort way, &c.

And with the red is mixt the white,
Like to the ſun and fair moonſhine,
That does upon clear waters light,
And makes the colour ſeem divine.
The ſhort way to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt of her days.

For our lang Biding here.

WHEN we came to London town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here,
And rantingly ran up and down,
In riſing ſtocks to buy a ſkair:
We daſtly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin paid right dear;
The lave will fare the war, in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our purſes toom,
And dainty ſtocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
Girn'd at ſtockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the South-ſea houſe,
The Whillywhas will grip your gear,
Syne a' the lave will fare the war
For our lang biding here.

For the Sake of Somebody.

FOR the ſake of ſomebody,
For the ſake of ſomebody;
I cou'd wake a winter-night
For the ſake of ſomebody.

I am gawn to ſeek a wife,
I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
I have three ſtane of woo;
Carling, is thy doughter ready?
For the ſake, &c.

BETTY, laſſie, ſay't thy ſell,
Tho' thy dame be ill to ſhoo,
Firſt we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
Let her flyte and ſyne come to:
What ſignifies a mither's gloom,
When love and kiſſes come in play?
Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
And in ſimmer mak nae hay?
For the ſake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by
Tho' I try my luck wi' thee,
Since ye are content to tye
The ha'f-merk bridal-band wi' me;
I'll ſlip hame and waſh my feet,
And ſteal on linens fair and clean,
Syne at the tryſting place we'll meet,
To do but what my dame has done.
For the ſake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely BETTY gives
Conſent in ſick a heartſome gait,
It me frae a' my care relieves,
And doubts that gart me aft look blate;

Then let us gang and get the grace;
For they that have an appetite
Should eat;—and lovers ſhould embrace;
If theſe be fau'ts, 'tis Nature's wyte.
For the ſake, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIN ye meet a bonny laſſie,
Gi'e her a kiſs and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae.
Be ſure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartſome time;
Then, lads and laſſes, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte,
When JENNY ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll, ſmiling, ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſell in ſome dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lyes the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
Nineteen naſays are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.

Theſe benniſons, I'm very ſure,
  Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, ſurly carles, whiſht, forbear
  To plague us wi' your whining cant.

Fint a Crum of thee ſhe fa's.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,
  And bide where thou waſt wont to be,
Thou art a fool to ſuffer pain,
  For love of ane that loves not thee:
My heart, let be ſick fantaſie,
  Love only where thou haſt good cauſe;
Since ſcorn and liking ne'er agree,
  The fint a crum of thee ſhe fa's.

To what effect ſhou'd thou be thrall?
  Be happy in thine ain free-will,
My heart, be never beſtial,
  But ken wha does thee good or ill:
And hame with me then tarry ſtill,
  And ſee wha can beſt play their paws,
And let the filly ſling her fill,
  For fint a crum of thee ſhe fa's.

Tho' ſhe be fair, I will not feinzie,
  She's of a kin wi' mony mae:
For why? they are a felon menzie
  That ſeemeth good, and are not ſae.
My heart, take neither ſturt or wae
  For MEG, for MARJORY, or MAUSE;
But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
  For fint a crum of thee ſhe fa's.

Remember how that MEDEA
  Wild for a ſight of JASON yied,
Remember how young CRESSIDA
  Left TROILUS for DIOMEDE;

Remember HELEN, as we read,
Brought Troy from bliſs unto bare wa's;
Then let her gae where ſhe may ſpeed,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe fa's.

Becauſe ſhe ſaid, I took it ill,
For her depart my heart was ſair,
But was beguil'd; gae where ſhe will,
Beſhrew the heart that firſt takes care:
But be thou merry, late and air,
This is the final end and clauſe,
And let her feed and fooly fair,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe fa's.

Ne'er dunt again within my breaſt,
Ne'er let her ſlights thy courage ſpill,
Nor gi'e a ſob, altho' ſhe ſneeſt,
She's faireſt paid that gets her will.
She gecks as gif I meant her ill,
When ſhe glaiks paughty in her braws;
Now let her ſnirt and fyke her fill,
For ſint a crum of thee ſhe fa's.

For the Love of JEAN.

JOCKY ſaid to JEANY, JEANY wilt'ou do't?
Ne'er a fit, quo' JEANY, for my tochergood;
For my tochergood I winna marry thee.
E'ens ye like, quo' JOCKY, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae ſeven good owſen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn and a byre,
A ſtack before the door, I'll mak a ranting fire;
I'll mak a ranting fire, and merry ſall we be;
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

JEANY ſaid to JOCKY, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye ſall be the lad, I'll be the laſs myſell:
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a laſſie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

Fee him, Father, fee him.

O SAW ye JOHNY cumin, quo' ſhe,
Saw ye JOHNY cumin;
O ſaw ye JOHNY cumin, quo' ſhe,
Saw ye JOHNY cumin;
O ſaw ye JOHNY cumin, quo' ſhe,
Saw ye JOHNY cumin;
Wi' his blew bonnet on his head,
And his dogie rinnin, quo' ſhe,
And his dogie rinnin?

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' ſhe,
Fee him, father, fee him;
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' ſhe,
Fee him, father, fee him;
For he is a gallant lad, and a well-doin, quo' ſhe;
And a' the wark about the town
Gaes wi' me when I ſee him, quo' ſhe,
Gaes wi' me when I ſee him.

O what will I do wi' him, quo' he,
What will I do wi' him?
He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
And I hae nane to gi'e him.
I hae twa coats into my kiſt,
And ane of them I'll gi'e him;
And for a merk of mair fee
Dinna ſtand wi' him, quo' ſhe,
Dinna ſtand wi' him.

For weel do I loe him, quo' ſhe, weel do I loe him;
For weel do I loe him, quo' ſhe, weel do I loe him.
O ſee him, father, ſee him, quo' ſhe,
Fee him, father, ſee him;
He'll had the pleugh, thraſh in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' ſhe,
And crack wi' me at e'en.

Fumblers Rant.

COME carles a' of fumblers ha',
And I will tell you of your fate,
Since we have married wives that's bra,
And canna pleaſe them when 'tis late;
A pint we'll tak, our hearts to chear;
What fau'ts we hae our wives can tell:
Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
The auldeſt bairn we hae's ourſell.

Chriſt'ning of weans we are redd of,
The pariſh prieſt this he can tell;
We aw him nought but a grey groat,
The off'ring for the houſe we in-dwell.
Our bairns's tocher is a' paid,
We're maſters of the gear ourſell;
Let either well or wae betide,
Here's a health to a' the wives that's yell.

Our nibour's auld ſon and the laſs,
Into the barn amang the ſtrae,
He gripp'd her in the dark begueſs,
And after that came meikle wae.
Repentance ay comes afterhin',
It coſt the carle baith corn and hay;
We're quat of that wi' little din,
Sick croſſes haunt ne'er you nor I.

Now merry, merry may we be,
When we think on our nibour ROBIE,
The way the carle does, we see,
Wi' his auld son and doughter MAGGIE;
Boots he maun hae, pistols, what not?
The hussy maun hae corkit shoon:
We are nae sae; gar fill the pot,
We'll drink to a' the hours at e'en.

Here's health to JOHN MACKAY we'll drink,
To HUGHIE, ANDREW, BOB, and TAM;
We'll sit and drink, we'll nod and wink,
It is o'er soon for us to gang.
Foul fa' the cock, he'as spilt the play,
And I do trow he's but a fool,
We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
For a' the cocks they rave at Yool.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
The foremost hame shall bear the mell:
I'll set me down, lest I be see,
For fear that I should bear't mysell.
And I, quoth ROB, and down sat he,
The gear shall never me outride;
But we'll take a sowp of the barley-brie,
And drink to our ain yell fireside.

G

GILDERROY.

AH! CHLORIS, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant-beauty cou'd beget
No happiness nor pain.

When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest:
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While CUPID at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new-flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;
To make a beauty, she.

Gallowshiels.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover,
While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her:
The tender glance, the redning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

Green Sleeves.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear DELIA take a care,
And represent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love and truth;
Till I return, her passions soothe,
For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
With soul sunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to save,
With glaring gold bewitch her.
Tell her, for me she was design'd,
For me, who know how to be kind,
And have mair plenty in my mind,
Than ane who's ten times richer.

Let all the warld turn upside down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In quest of what can ne'er be found,
To please their vain ambition;

Let little minds great charms eſpy,
In ſhadows which at diſtance ly,
Whoſe hop'd-for pleaſure, when come nigh,
Proves nothing in fruition:

But caſt into a mold divine,
Fair DELIA does with luſtre ſhine,
Her virtuous ſoul's an ample mine,
Which yields a conſtant treaſure.
Let poets in ſublimeſt lays,
Employ their ſkill her fame to raiſe;
Let ſons of muſic paſs whole days,
With well-tun'd reeds to pleaſe her.

Green grows the Raſhes.

PEGGY.

MY JOCKY blyth, for what thou'ſt done,
There is nae help nor mending;
For thou haſt jog'd me out of tune,
For a' thy fair pretending.
My mither ſees a change on me,
For my complexion daſhes,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the raſhes.

JOCKY.

My PEGGY, what I've ſaid I'll do,
To free thee frae her ſcouling;
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer let's be fooling;
For her content I'll inſtant wed,
Since thy complexion daſhes;
And then we'll try a feather bed,
'Tis ſafter than the raſhes.

PEGGY.

Then, JOCKY, ſince thy love's ſo true,
Let mither ſcoul, I'm eaſy:
Sae lang's I live I ne'er ſhall rue
For what I've done to pleaſe thee.
And there's my hand I's ne'er complain;
Oh! well's me on the raſhes:
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a fig for a' their claſhes.

Gaberlunzie Man.

THE pawkie auld carl came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courteſie,
Will you lodge a ſilly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he ſat;
My doughter's ſhoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and ſang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſli twa together were ſay'ng,
When wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quo' ſhe, ann I were as white,
As e'er the ſnaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw and lady like,
And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raiſe a wee before the cock,
And wilily they ſhot the lock,
And faſt to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure pat on her claiſe;
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer for the ſilly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cry'd, Waladay!
For ſome of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt!
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The ſervant gade where the doughter lay,
The ſheets was cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife can ſay,
She's aff wi' the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haſte ye find theſe traytors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee
Fu' ſnug in a glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
The twa with kindly ſport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheeſe a whang:

The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
Quo' ſhe, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winſome gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad ſhe crook her mou',
Sick a poor man ſhe'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And ſpindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we ſhall be merry and ſing.

Glancing of her Apron.

IN January laſt,
On Munanday at morn,
As through the fields I paſt,
To view the winter corn,
I looked me behind,
And ſaw come o'er the know,
And glancing in her apron,
With a bonny brent brow.

I ſaid, Good-morrow, fair maid,
And ſhe right courteouſly
Return'd a beck, and kindly ſaid,
Good-day, ſweet Sir, to you.

I ſpeir'd, my dear, how far awa
Do ye intend to gae?
Quoth ſhe, I mean a mile or twa
Out o'er yon broomy brae.

HE.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have ſick company;
For I'm ganging ſtraight that gate,
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gane a mile or twain,
I ſaid to her, My dow,
May we not lean us on this plain,
And kiſs your bonny mou.

SHE.

Kind Sir, ye are a wi miſtane;
For I am nane of theſe,
I hope you ſome mair breeding ken,
Than to ruffle womens claiſe:
For may be I have choſen ane,
And plighted him my vow,
Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
And kiſs my bonny mou'.

HE.

Na, if ye are contracted,
I hae nae mair to ſay:
Rather than be rejected,
I will gie o'er the play;
And chuſe anither will reſpect
My love and on me rew;
And let me claſp her round the neck,
And kiſs her bonny mou'.

SHE.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
And faith to be ſaid nay,
Elſe ye wad ne'er a ſtarted
For ought that I did ſay;

For women in their modeſty,
At firſt they winna bow;
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

Gypſie Laddie.

THE gypſies came to our good lord's gate,
And wow but they ſang ſweetly;
They ſang ſae ſweet, and ſae very complete,
That down came the fair lady.

And ſhe came tripping down the ſtair,
And a' her maids before her;
As ſoon as they ſaw her well-far'd face,
They cooſt the glamer o'er her.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had ſworn,
I'll follow the gypſie laddie.

Yeſtreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
And my good lord beſide me;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever ſhall betide me.

Oh! come to your bed, ſays JONNY FAA,
Oh! come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and ſwear by the hilt of my ſword,
That your lord ſhall nae mair come near ye.

I'll go to bed to my JONNY FAA,
And I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and ſwear by what paſt yeſtreen,
That my lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

I'll mak a hap to my JONNY FAA,
And I'll mak a hap to my deary;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord ſhall nae mair come near me.

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And ſpeir'd for his fair lady,
The tane ſhe cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's awa wi' the gypſie laddie.

Gae ſaddle to me the black, black ſteed,
Gae ſaddle and mak him ready;
Before that I either eat or ſleep,
I'll gae ſeek my fair lady.

And we were fifteen well made men,
Altho' we were nae bonny;
And we were a' put down but ane,
For a fair young wanton lady.

H

Highland Laddie.

THE lawland lads think they are fine;
But O! they're vain and idly gawdy!
How much unlike that graceſu' mien,
And manly looks of my highland laddie!
O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handſome charming highland laddie;
May heaven ſtill guard, and love reward
Our lawland laſs, and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuſe,
To be the wealthieſt lawland lady,
I'd take young DONALD without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and ſummer's ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and ſilken bed,
May pleaſe a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiſs and be as glad,
Behind a buſh in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

Same Tune.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're ſour and unco ſawcy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind
Like my good humour'd highland laſſie.
O my bonny, bonny highland laſſie,
My hearty ſmiling highland laſſie,
May never care make thee leſs fair,
But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.

Than ony laſs in borrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak my KATY butt a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie,
O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken buſh,
Whene'er I kiſs and court my dawtie;
Happy and blyth as ane wad wiſh,
My ſhighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er higheſt heathery hills I'll ſten,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feaſt my laſs on diſhes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane ſhall dare by deed or word,
'Gainſt her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my truſty ſword,
Or frae my ſide whiſk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treaſure
To range with me; let greaſ fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleaſure.
O my bonny, bonny highland laſſie,
My lovely ſmiling highland laſſie,
May never care make thee leſs fair,
But bloom of youth ſtill bleſs my laſſie.

Had awa frae me, DONALD.

O COME awa', come awa',
Come awa' wi' me, JENNY;
Sick frowns I canna bear frae ane
Whaſe ſmiles ance raviſh'd me, JENNY:
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought ſall alter me, JENNY;
For you're the miſtreſs of my mind,
Whate'er you think of me, JENNY.

Firſt when your ſweets enſlav'd my heart,
You ſeem'd to favour me, JENNY;
But now, alas! you act a part
That ſpeaks unconſtancy, JENNY:
Unconſtancy is ſick a vice,
'Tis not befitting thee, JENNY;
It ſuits not wi' your virtue nice
To carry ſae to me, JENNY.

Her ANSWER.

O HAD awa' had awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, DONALD.
Some fickle miſtreſs you may find,
Will jilt as faſt as thee, DONALD;
To ilka ſwain ſhe will prove kind,
And nae leſs kind to thee, DONALD.

But I've a heart that's naething ſuch,
'Tis fill'd with honeſty, DONALD;
I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
I hate all levity, DONALD.
Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
Your heart is chain'd to mine, DONALD?
For words of falſehood I'll defend,
A roving love like thine, DONALD.

Firſt when you courted, I muſt own
I frankly favour'd you, DONALD;
Apparent worth and fair renown,
Made me believe you true, DONALD.
Ilk virtue then ſeem'd to adorn
The man eſteem'd by me, DONALD;
But now, the maſk fall'n aff, I ſcorn
To ware a thought on thee, DONALD.

And now, for ever, had awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
Gae ſeek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, DONALD;
For I'll reſerve myſell for ane,
For ane that's liker me, DONALD;
If ſick a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er loe man, nor thee, DONALD.

DONALD.

Then I'm thy man, and faiſe Report
Has only tald a lie, JENNY;
To try thy truth, and make us ſport,
The tale was rais'd by me, JENNY,

JENNY.

When this ye prove, and ſtill can love,
Then come awa' to me, DONALD;
I'm weel content, ne'er to repent
That I hae ſmil'd on thee, DONALD.

HAY's Bonny Laſſie.

BY ſmooth-winding Tay a ſwain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining
Myſell thus awa, and darna diſcover
To my bonny HAY that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes ſtonger;
If ſhe's not my bride, my days are no longer;
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's freſh as the ſpring, and ſweet as AURORA,
When birds mount and ſing, bidding Day a good-morrow;
The ſwaird of the mead, enamell'd with daiſies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if ſhe appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis heav'n to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
Her ſmiles and bright eye ſet my ſpirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my deſire is HAY's bonny laſſie.

Hap me wi' thy Petticoat.

O BELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I paſs the day in pain;
When night returns I feel the ſmart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charming petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Deluſive dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my arms.
But waking think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe pleaſures, which alone can cure
This panting breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt reward that's due to love,
And let true paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let compaſſion ſeize
That lovely breaſt of thine;
Thy petticoat could give me eaſe,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heaven has fitted for delight
That beauteous form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its law to ſlight,
By hind'ring the deſign.
May all the powers of love agree,
At length to make thee mine;
Or looſe my chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

Happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
Who, far remov'd from noiſe of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his ſafe retreat,
Is pleaſed with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From ſtrife, from care, and buſ'neſs free,
At once baith good and great!

Nae drums diſturb his morning ſleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noiſy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind:
No trumpets rouze him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare;
From ſtate intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like thoſe in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His ſmall paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds:
Each ſeaſon of the wheeling year,
Induſtrious he improves with care,
And ſtill ſome ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil ſucceeds.

Now by a ſilver ſtream he lyes,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the ſylvan ſcene he tries,
His ſpirits to regal:
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
Then tunes his reed, or tries his muſe,
That waits his honeſt call.

Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys,
No care his peace of mind deſtroys,
Nor does he paſs his time in toys
Beneath his juſt regard:
He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
To plant and ſhed his tender trees;
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys his ſweet reward.

The flow'ry meads and ſilent coves,
The ſcenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wiſh'd delight:
But O how pleaſant is this life!
Bleſt with a chaſte and virtuous wife,
And children prattling, void of ſtrife,
Around his fire at night.

Hallow Even.

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
That beauteous heaven erewhile ſerene?
Whence do thoſe ſtorms and tempeſts flow?
Or what this guſt of paſſion mean?
And muſt then mankind lo'e that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to ſhine,
And ly obſcur'd in endleſs night,
For each poor ſilly ſpeech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
  Since it's acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy fame,
  Thy beauty could make large amends?
Or if I durſt profanely try
  Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lye,
  Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For VENUS, ev'ry heart t' enſnare,
  With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And PALLAS, with unuſual care,
  Bids Wiſdom heighten ev'ry grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
  Or who muſt not reſign the field
To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
  With CUPID's bow and PALLAS' ſhield?

If then to thee ſuch pow'r is giv'n,
  Let not a wretch in torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy Heaven,
  Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
But pitying Heaven not only does
  Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But ev'n itſelf, appeas'd, beſtows,
  As the reward of penitence.

Hey JENNY come down to JOCK.

JOCKY he came here to woo
  On ae feaſt-day when we were fu';
And JENNY pat on her beſt array,
  When ſhe heard JOCKY was come that way.

JENNY ſhe gaed up the ſtair,
  Sae privily to change her ſmock;
And ay ſae loud as her mither did rair,
  Hey, JENNY, come down to JOCK.

JENNY ſhe came down the ſtair,
And ſhe came bobbin and bakin ben;
Her ſtays they were lac'd, and her waiſt it was jimp,
And a bra' new-made manco gown.

JOCKY took her be the hand,
O JENNY, can ye fancy me?
My father is dead, and he'as left me ſome land,
And bra' houſes twa or three;

And I will gie them a' to thee.
A haith, quo' JENNY, I fear you mock.
Then foul fa' me gin I ſcorn thee;
If ye'll be my JENNY, I'll be your JOCK.

JENNY lookit, and ſyne ſhe leugh,
Ye firſt maun get my mither's conſent.
A weel, goodwife, and what ſay ye?
Quo' ſhe, JOCKY, I'm weel content.

JENNY to her mither did ſay,
O mither, fetch us ſome good meat;
A piece of the butter was kirn'd the day,
That JOCKY and I thegither may eat.

JOCKY unto JENNY did ſay,
JENNY, my dear, I want nae meat;
It was nae for meat that I came here,
But a' for the love of you, JENNY, my dear.

Then JOCKY and JENNY were led to their bed,
And JOCKY he lay neiſt the ſtock;
And five or ſix times ere break of day,
He aſk'd at JENNY how ſhe lik'd JOCK.

Quo' JENNY, dear JOCK, you gie me content,
I bliſs my mither for gieing conſent:
And on the next morning, before the firſt cock,
Our JENNY did cry, I dearly love JOCK.

JENNY ſhe gaed up the gait,
Wi' a green gown as ſide as her ſmock;
And ay ſae loud as her mither did rair,
Vow ſirs! has nae JENNY got JOCK?

I

I'll never leave thee.

JOHNY.

THO' for seven years and mair honour shou'd reave me,
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee;
For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented,
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O JOHNY, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart fairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer,
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JOHNY.

My NELLY, let never sick fancies oppress ye,
For while my blood's warm I'll kindly caress ye:
Your blooming saft beauties first beeted Love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, JOHNY, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin you prove fause, to ye'rsell be it said then;
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JOHNY.

Bid iceſhogles hammer red gads on the ſtuddy,
And fair ſimmer mornings mae mair appear ruddy;
Bid Britons think ae gait, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The ſtarns ſhall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee.

Same Tune.

ONE day I heard MARY ſay,
How ſhall I leave thee?
Stay, deareſt ADONIS, ſtay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou ſhou'd leave me:
I'll live and die for thy ſake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely ADONIS, ſay,
Has MARY deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love, that's griev'd thee?
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou mayſt believe me,
I love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

ADONIS, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can MARY thy anguiſh ſooth!
This breaſt ſhall receive thee.
My paſſion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my ADONIS fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I ſhould leave thee.

I wiſh my Love were in a Myre.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.
'Twas this bereav'd my ſoul of reſt,
And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
For while I gaz'd in tranſport toſt,
My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.
My boſom glow'd; the ſubtile flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame?
O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.
In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away.

JOCKY blyth and gay.

BLYTH JOCKY young and gay, is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day, and all my dream by night.
If from the lad I be, it's winter then with me;
But when he tarries here, it's ſummer all the year.

When I and JOCKY met firſt on the flow'ry dale,
Right ſweetly he me tret, and love was a' his tale.
You are the laſs, ſaid he, that ſtaw my heart frae me.
O eaſe me of my pain, and never ſhaw diſdain.

Well can my JOCKY kyth his love and courteſie,
He made my heart ſu' blyth when he firſt ſpake to me.
His ſuit I ill deny'd, he kiſs'd, and I comply'd:
Sae JOCKY promis'd me, that he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when JOCKY comes, ſad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when JOCKY glooms, but when he ſmiles 'tis day.
When our eyes meet I pant, I colour, ſigh, and faint;
What laſs that wad be kind can better tell her mind?

I'll ne'er love thee more.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other ſway,
But pureſt monarchy:
For if confuſion have a part,
Which virtuous ſouls abhor,
I'll call a ſynod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As ALEXANDER I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore diſdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deſerts are ſmall,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or loſe it all.

But I will reign and govern ſtill,
And always give the law;
And have each ſubject at my will,
And all to ſtand in awe:
But 'gainſt my batt'ries if I find
Thou ſtorm or vex me ſore,
As if thou ſet me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I ſhould ſolely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to ſhare with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on ſuch a ſcore,
I'll, ſmiling, mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithleſs action ſtain
Thy love and conſtant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my ſword.
I'll ſerve thee in ſuch noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

JEANY, where haſt thou been.

O JEANY, JEANY, where haſt thou been?
Father and mother are ſeeking of thee,
Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
Keeping of JOCKY company.
O BETTY, *I've been to hear the mill clack,*
Getting meal ground for the family,
As ſow as it gade I brang hame the ſack,
For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! JEANY, JEANY, there's meal on your back,
The miller's a wanton billy, and flee,
Tho' victual's come hame again hale, whatreck,
I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.
And, BETTY, *ye spread your linen to bleach,*
When that was done, where cou'd you be?
Ha! lass, I saw ye slip down by the hedge,
And wanton WILLY *was following thee.*

Ay, JEANY, JEANY, ye gade to the kirk;
But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be?
Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
They say the kissing clerk came wi' ye.
O silly lassie, what wilt thou do?
If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie:
Look to your sell, if JOCK *prove true,*
The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

JENNY dang the Weaver.

O MITHER dear, I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my sleep,
I start and dream of JOHNY.
When JOHNY then comes down the glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi' your consent,
For we twa ne'er can sinder.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
For shame and skaith's the clink o't;
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
I downa bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,
That gars poor EPPS gae whinging,
With haunches sow, and een sae blew,
To a' the bedrals binging.

Had EPPY's apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town,
Alake how can ſhe mend it!
Now TAM maun face the miniſter,
And ſhe maun mount the pillar:
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor folk hae nae ſiller.

Now had ye'r tongue, my doughter young,
Replied the kindly mither,
Get JOHNY's hand in haly band,
Syne wap your wealth togither.
I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
Ye'll do your part diſcreetly;
And prove a wife, will gar his life,
And barrel run right ſweetly.

I fixt my Fancy on her.

BRIGHT CYNTHIA's power divinely great,
What heart is not obeying?
A thouſand Cupids on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.
She ſeems the queen of love to reign;
For ſhe alone diſpenſes
Such ſweets as beſt can entertain
The guſt of all the ſenſes.

Her face a charming proſpect brings,
Her breath gives balmy bliſſes;
I hear an angel when ſhe ſings,
And taſte of heaven in kiſſes.
Four ſenſes thus ſhe feaſts with joy,
From Nature's richeſt treaſure;
Let me the other ſenſe employ,
And I ſhall die with pleaſure.

I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

HE.

ADIEU, for a while, my native green plains,
My neareſt relations, and neighbouring ſwains,
Dear NELLY, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages, while abſent frae thee.

SHE.

Then tell me the reaſon, thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away?
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reaſon unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an eſtate,
Which lays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway,
Then JOHNY be counſel'd na langer to ſtray,
For while thou proves conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

HE.

O ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondneſs which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

Bear witneſs, ye ſtreams, and witneſs, ye flowers,
Bear witneſs, ye watchful inviſible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

JOHN ANDERSON my Jo.

'TIS not your beauty, nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain;
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breaſt or brain;
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth your ſlave I'll ſcorn to be,
Nor doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No ſmoothed ſigh, nor ſmiling frown,
Can ſatisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonics play ſuch pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love at leaſt I will have thanks,
And ſomething elſe beſide.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I ſhall be with you,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll conſtant be:
If Fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as ſoon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know
In equal terms do ſtand,
'Tis in your pow'r to love or no,
Mine's likewiſe in my hand.
Diſpenſe with your auſterity,
Inconſtancy abhor,
Or, by great CUPID's deity,
I'll never love you more.

JOCKY and JENNY.

JOCKY.

WHEN JOCKY was bleſs'd with your love and your truth,
Not on Tweed's pleaſant banks dwelt ſo blythſome a youth.
With JENNY I ſported it all the day long,
And her name was the burden and joy of my ſong.
And her name was the burden and joy of my ſong.

JENNY.

Ere JOCKY had ceas'd all his kindneſs to me,
There liv'd in a vale not ſo happy a ſhe.
Such pleaſures with JOCKY his JENNY had known,
That ſhe ſcorn'd in a cote the fine folks of the town.

JOCKY.

Ah! JOCKY, what fear now poſſeſſes thy mind,
That JENNY ſo conſtant, to WILLY's been kind!
When dancing ſo gay with the nymphs on the plain,
She yielded her hand and her heart to the ſwain.

JENNY.

You falſely upbraid,—but remember the day
With LUCY you toy'd it beneath the new hay;
When alone with your LUCY, the ſhepherds have ſaid,
You forgot all the vows that to JENNY you made.

JOCKY.

Believe not, ſweet JENNY, my heart ſtray'd from thee,
For LUCY the wanton's a maid ſtill for me:
From a laſs that's ſo true your fond JOCKY ne'er rov'd,
Nor once could forſake the kind JENNY he lov'd.

JENNY.

My heart for young WILLY ne'er panted nor ſigh'd;
For you of that heart was the joy and the pride.
While Tweed's waters glide, ſhall your JENNY be true,
Nor love, my dear JOCKY, a ſhepherd like you.

JOCKY.

No ſhepherd e'er met with ſo faithful a fair;
For kindneſs no youth can with JOCKY compare.
We'll love then, and live from fierce jealouſy free,
And none on the plain ſhall be happy as we.

JOCKY fou, JENNY fain.

JOCKY fou, JENNY fain,
JENNY was nae ill to gain,
She was couthy, he was kind,
And thus the wooer tell'd his mind:

JENNY, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me love at ony price;
I winna prig for red or whyt,
Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others ſeek they kenna what,
In looks, in carriage, and a' that;
Give me love, for her I court:
Love in love makes a' the ſport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common motives lang ſinſyne,
Never can engage my love,
Until my fancy firſt approve.

It is na meat but appetite
That makes our eating a delyt;
Beauty is at beſt deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye JENNY NETTLES,
JENNY NETTLES, JENNY NETTLES,
Saw ye JENNY NETTLES,
Coming frae the market;

Bag and baggage on her back,
  Her fee and bountith in her lap;
Bag and baggage on her back,
  And a babie in her oxter.

I met ayont the kairny,
  JENNY NETTLES, JENNY NETTLES,
Singing till her bairny,
  ROBIN RATTLE's baſtard;
To flee the dool upo' the ſtool,
  And ilka aue that mocks her,
She round about ſeeks ROBIN out,
  To ſtap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! ROBIN RATTLE,
  ROBIN RATTLE, ROBIN RATTLE;
Fy, fy! ROBIN RATTLE,
  Uſe JENNY NETTLES kindly:
Score out the blame, and ſhun the ſhame,
  And without mair debate o't,
Tak hame your wain, make JENNY fain,
  The leel and leeſome gate o't.

JOHN OCHILTREE.

HONEST man, JOHN OCHILTREE;
  Mine ain auld JOHN OCHILTREE,
Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
  And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake, I wont to do!
  Ohon, ohon! I wont to do!
Now won't-to-do's away frae me,
  Frae ſilly auld JOHN OCHILTREE.
Honeſt man, JOHN OCHILTREE;
  Mine ain auld JOHN OCHILTREE:
Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
  And do but what thou dow to do.

Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!
To whiſt and hirple o'er my tree,
My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do.

Walaways! JOHN OCHILTREE,
For many a time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade ſae faſt by ſea and land;
And wadna keep a bridle-hand;
Thou'd tine the beaſt, thyſell wad die,
My ſilly auld JOHN OCHILTREE.
Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
And chear me up to hear thee ſing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For thoughts maun now my life ſuſtain.
Gae thy ways JOHN OCHILTREE:
Hae done! it has nae ſa'r wi' me.
I'll ſet the beaſt in throw the land,
She'll may be fa' in a better hand,
Even ſit thou there and drink thy fill,
For I'll do as I wont to do ſtill.

K

KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's ſweet ſcent did chear my brain,
From flow'rs which grew ſo rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She ſhin'd though it was foggy:
I aſk'd her name: Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is KATHARINE OGIE.

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an air there did appear
In a country-maid ſo neatly:
Such natural ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a lilie in a bogie;
DIANA's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame KATHARINE OGIE.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee, ſure muſt prize thee;
Though thou art dreſt in robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee;
Thy handſome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clowniſh rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming KATHARINE OGIE.

O were I but ſome ſhepherd ſwain!
To feed my flock beſide thee,
At boughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With KATE, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but KATHARINE OGIE.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
And ſtateſmen's dang'rous ſtations:
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd ſmile at conqu'ring nations:
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with KATHARINE OGIE.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.

Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and foggy:
Pity my caſe, ye powers above,
Elſe I die for KATHARINE OGIE.

Kind ROBIN lo'es me.

ROBIN.

WHILST I alone your ſoul poſſeſt,
And none more lov'd your boſom preſt,
Ye gods, what king like me was bleſt,
When kind JEANY lo'ed me!
Hey ho, JEANY, *quoth he*,
Kind ROBIN *lo'es thee*.

JEANY.

Whilſt you ador'd no other fair,
Nor KATE with me your heart did ſhare,
What queen with JEANY cou'd compare,
When kind ROBIN lo'ed me!
Hey ho, ROBIN, *&c.*

ROBIN.

KATY now commands my heart,
KATE who ſings with ſo much art,
Whoſe life to ſave with mine I'd part;
For kind KATY lo'es me.
Hey ho, JEANY, *&c.*

JEANY.

PATIE now delights mine eyes,
He with equal ardour dies,
Whoſe life to ſave I'd periſh twice;
For kind PATIE lo'es me.
Hey ho, ROBIN, *&c.*

ROBIN.

What if I KATE for thee diſdain,
And former love return again,
To link us in the ſtrongeſt chain;
For kind ROBIN lo'es thee.
Hey ho, JEANY, *&c.*

JEANY.

Though PATIE's kind, as kind can be,
And thou more ſtormy than the ſea,
I'd chuſe to live and die with thee,
If kind ROBIN lo'es me.
Hey ho, ROBIN, *&c.*

Kirk wad let me be.

I WAS anes a well-tocher'd laſs,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor paſs,
My ſtepdame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
And ſhe plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lawtith nor ſhame,
And keeps the hale houſe in a ſteer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftleſs and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, ha'f-naked and cauld,
I ſee her deſtroy what's mine:
But ſoon I might hope a revenge,
And ſoon of my ſorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If ſhe were hung up on a tree.

Quoth RINGAN, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny laſs tenderly,
I'll take thee, ſweet MAY, in thy ſnood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis only yourſell that I want,
Your kindneſs is better to me
Than a' that your ſtepmother, ſcant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, its true,
And ye are the ſprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And routh of good rucks in my yard;
Ye ſhall have naithing to faſh ye,
Sax ſervants ſhall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats, my laſſie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reaſon employed,
Not thinking the offer amiſs,
Conſented;—while RINGAN o'erjoyed,
Receiv'd her with mony a kiſs.
And now ſhe ſits blythly ſingan,
And joking her drunken ſtepdame,
Delighted with her dear RINGAN,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

L

Laſt Time I came o'er the Muir.

THE laſt time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me!
Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtely ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till Night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my care at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland-ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then HYMEN's ſacred bonds ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

Same Tune.

YE blytheſt lads, and laſſes gay,
Hear what my ſang diſcloſes:
As I ae morning ſleeping lay,
Upon a bank of roſes,
Young JAMIE whiſking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
He took his bonnet aff his head,
And ſaftly ſat down by me.

JAMIE tho' I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him;
But with a frown my face diſguis'd,
And ſtrave away to ſend him.
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And by my ſide down lying,
His beating heart thumped ſae faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
An angry paſſion feigning,
I aften roughly ſhot him by,
With words full of diſdaining.
Poor JAMIE bawk'd, nae favour wins,
Went aff much diſcontented;
But I, in truth, for a' my ſins
Ne'er haff ſae fair repented.

Logan Water.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part;
Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other wishes I resign,
Make but the dear AMANDA mine.

Same Tune.

TELL me, HAMILLA, tell me why
Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
Why from his soft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments shun?
So flies the fawn, with fear oppress,
Seeking its mother everywhere,
It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face;
Nor with a hateful step pursue,
As Age, to rifle every grace.
Cease then, dear Wildness, cease to toy,
But haste all rivals to outshine,
And grown mature and ripe for joy,
Leave Mamma's arms, and come to mine.

Leader Haughs.

WHEN PHOEBUS bright the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all Nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth:

Amongſt all thoſe he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorough,
With radiant beams and ſilver ſtreams
O'er Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

When ARIES the day and night
In equal length divideth,
And frofty SATURN takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth;
Then FLORA Queen, with mantle green,
Caſts aff her former ſorrow,
And vows to dwell with CERES' ſell,
In Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

PAN playing on his aiten reed,
And ſhepherds him attending,
Do here reſort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending;
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the ſun good-morrow,
And ſwear nae fields mair pleaſures yield
Than Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

An houſe there ſtands on Leader-ſide,
Surmounting my deſcriving,
With rooms ſae rare, and windows fair,
Like DEDALUS' contriving;
Men paſſing by, do aften cry,
In ſooth it hath no marrow;
It ſtands as ſweet on Leader-ſide,
As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lifts to ride,
They'll hear the mavis ſinging;
Into St LEONARD's banks ſhe'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'erhinging;
The lintwhite loud and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St LEONARD's banks they ſing
As ſweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wings ſhe ſporteth;
But vows ſhe'll flee far from the tree
Where Philomel reſorteth:
By break of day the lark can ſay,
I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll ſtretch my wing, and, mounting, ſing
O'er Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wantonwaws, and Woodencleugh,
The Eaſt and Weſtern Mainſes,
The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
The corns are good in Blainſhes;
Where aits are fine, and ſold by kind,
That if ye ſearch all thorough,
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

In Burnmill Bog, and Whitſlade Shaws,
The fearful hare ſhe haunteth;
Brighaugh and Braidwoodſhiel ſhe knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth;
Yet when ſhe irks, to Kaidſly birks
She rins, and ſighs for ſorrow,
That ſhe ſhould leave ſweet Leader-haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What ſweeter muſic wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying?
The ſtarted hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her ſpeed relying:
But yet her ſtrength it fails at length,
Nae bielding can ſhe borrow
In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman, or Hags,
And ſighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
With ſight and ſcent purſue her,
Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can reſcue her:

O'er dub and dyke, o'er ſeugh, and ſyke
She'll rin the fields all thorough,
Till fail'd, ſhe fa's in Leader-haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erſlington and Cowdenknows,
Where Homes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange with the milk-white ews,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader ſtanding:
The birds that flee throw Redpath trees,
And Gledſwood banks ilk morrow,
May chant and ſing ſweet Leader-haughs,
And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But Minſtrel-burn cannot aſſuage
His grief while life endureth,
To ſee the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place ſtands in hard caſe,
Where blyth fowk kend nae ſorrow,
With Homes that dwelt on Leader-ſide,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

Same Tune.

THE morn was fair, ſaft was the air,
All Nature's ſweets were ſpringing;
The buds did bow with ſilver dew,
Ten thouſand birds were ſinging;
When on the bent, with blyth content,
Young JAMIE ſang his marrow,
Nae bonnier laſs e'er trod the graſs
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How ſweet her face, where ev'ry grace
In heavenly beauty's planted;
Her ſmiling een, and comely mein,
That nae perfection wanted;

I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
But bleſs my bonny marrow:
If her dear ſmile my doubts beguile,
My mind ſhall ken nae ſorrow.

Yet tho' ſhe's fair, and has full ſhare
Of ev'ry charm inchanting,
Each good turns ill, and ſoon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny laſs! have but the grace
To think e'er ye gae further,
Your joys maun flit, if you commit
The crying ſin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaiſt will ne'er get reſt,
And night and day affright ye;
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind
I'll ſtudy to delight ye;
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy ſhall borrow:
Thus none ſhall be more bleſt than we,
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O ſweeteſt SUE! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wiſhes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this beſt-of-bliſſes.
Thou art my ſun, and thy leaſt frown
Would blaſt me in the bloſſom;
But if thou ſhine, and make me thine,
I'll flouriſh in thy boſom.

Lochaber no more.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my JEAN,
Where heartſome with thee I have mony day been:
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.

Theſe tears that I ſhed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes riſe, and raiſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind;
Tho' loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the ſhore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is ſair pain'd.
By eaſe that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I maun deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my JEANY, maun plead my excuſe;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my laſs, to win honour and fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Love is the Cauſe of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring ſtream a fair ſhepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her ſay,
Tell STREPHON I die, if he paſſes this way,
And that love is the cauſe of my mourning.

Falſe ſhepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for STREPHON's cold heart never warms;
Yet bring me this STREPHON, let me die in his arms,
Oh STREPHON! *the cauſe of my mourning.*

But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go down to the ſhades below,
Ere ye let STREPHON know that I have lov'd him ſo;
Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow,
That love was the cauſe of my mourning.

Her eyes were ſcarce cloſed when STREPHON came by;
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping, and ſoftly drew nigh:
But finding her breathleſs, Oh heavens! did he cry,
Ah CHLORIS! *the cauſe of my mourning.*

Reſtore me my CHLORIS, ye nymphs, uſe your art.
They, ſighing, reply'd, 'Twas yourſelf ſhot the dart,
That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd the poor CHLORIS *with mourning.*

Ah then is CHLORIS dead, wounded by me! he ſaid;
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid, down to the ſilent ſhade.
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor STREPHON *with mourning.*

Low down in the Broom.

MY daddy is a canker'd carle,
He'll nae twin wi' his gear;
My minny ſhe's a ſcalding wife,
Hads a' the houſe a-ſteer:
But let them ſay, or let them do,
It's a' ane to me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me:
Waiting on me, my love,
He's waiting on me;
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

My aunty KATE ſits at her wheel,
And ſair ſhe lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy,
For ne'er a jo has ſhe.
But let them, &c.

My couſin KATE was fair beguil'd
Wi' JOHNY i' the glen;
And ay ſinſyne ſhe cries, Beware
Of falſe deluding men.
But let them, &c.

Gleed SANDY he came weſt ae night,
And ſpier'd when I ſaw PATE;
And ay ſinſyne the neighbours round
They jeer me air and late.
But let them, &c.

Now JENNY *ſhe's gane down the broom,*
And it's to meet wi' PATE,
But what they ſaid, or what they did,
'Tis needleſs to repeat:

But they ſeem'd blyth and weel content;
Sae merry mat they be;
For a conſtant ſwain has PATIE *prov'd,*
And nae leſs kind was ſhe.

Ye'ave waited on me, my love,
Ye'ave waited on me,
Ye'ave waited lang amang the broom,
Now I am bound to thee:

Sae let them ſay, or let them do,
'Tis a' ane to me;
For I have vow'd to love you, lad,
Until the day I die.

Lack of Gold.

FOR the lack of gold ſhe's left me,
And of all that's dear bereft me:
She me forſook for a great duke,
And to endleſs woes ſhe's left me.

A ſtar and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we muſt part,
And for glitt'ring ſhow ſhe's left me.

No cruel fair ſhall e'er more move
My injur'd heart again to love;
Through diſtant climates I muſt rove,
Since JEANY ſhe has left me.
Ye Pow'rs above, I to your care
Give up my charming lovely fair;
Your choiceſt bleſſings be her ſhare,
Tho' ſhe's for ever left me.

Laſs of Livingſton.

PAIN'D with her ſlighting JAMIE's love,
BELL dropt a tear—BELL dropt a tear,
The gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear;
They heard the praiſes of the youth
From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus ſhe ſung—and thus ſhe ſung:

Bleſs'd days! when our ingenious ſex,
More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But ſpoke their mind—but ſpoke their mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promis'd fair,
Would he return—would he return,
She ne'er again would give him care,
Or cauſe him mourn—or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deſerving ſwain,
Yet ſtill thought ſhame—yet ſtill thought ſhame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame—to own my flame?

Why took I pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy—and ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted joy—my ſlighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its ſpring,
Own your deſire—own your deſire;
While Love's young power, with his ſoft wing,
Fans up the fire—fans up the fire.
Oh! do not with a ſilly pride,
Or low deſign—or low deſign,
Refuſe to be a happy bride,
But anſwer plain—but anſwer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes;
Glad JAMIE heard her all the time,
With ſweet ſurprize—with ſweet ſurprize.
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd.

Laſs wi' a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a laſs wi' a lump of land,
And we for life ſhall gang thegither,
Tho' daft or wiſe, I'll never demand,
Or black, or fair, it makeſna whether.
I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a ſhilling,
But ſhe that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a laſs wi' a lump of land,
And in my boſom I'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had ance her gear in my hand,
Should love turn dowſ, it will find pleaſure.

Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
Unleſs they bring caſh, or a lump of land,
Theyſe ne'er get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And filler and gowd's a ſweet complection;
For beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection:
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And caſtles, and riggs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naething can catch our modern ſparks
But well-tocher'd laſſes, or jointer'd widows.

M

Mary Scot.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
When in ſoft flames ſouls equal burn;
But words are wanting to diſcover
The torments of a hopeleſs lover.
Ye regiſters of Heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above muſt ſhare;
While mortals with deſpair explore her,
And at diſtance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a ſmile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing ſwain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair.
My MARY's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish:
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When MARY SCOT's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

Same Tune.

'TWAS summer, and the day was fair,
Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow;
Till then despising beauty's power,
I kept my heart, my own secure;
But CUPID's art did there deceive me,
And MARY's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
No ransom take for MARY's slave?
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me;
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming fair:
This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,
In Nature's garden has no marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one request,
I'd ask to ly in MARY's breast;
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure;
Despising kings and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts and courtier's fate;
My joy complete on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts distract a lover's mind?
That breast, all softness, must prove kind;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

The Mill, Mill----O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
Was sleeping sound and still—O;
A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
Around her wi' good will—O:
Her bosom I prest; but sunk in her rest,
She stir'dna my joy to spill—O:
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and skill—O,
Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising fame
Tald me with a voice right shrill—O,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
I ferlying speir'd how she fell—O.
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O.
Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
And bade her a' fears expel—O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed myself—O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the Shilling-hill—O,
If I did offence, I'se make ye amends
Before I leave PEGGY's mill—O.
O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
And the coggin of the wheel—O;
The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a sodger reel—O.

My Deary, an' thou die.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My PEGGY, if thou die.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I shall never live,
My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray?
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see:
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My PEGGY, after thee.

No new blown beauty fires my heart
With CUPID's raving rage,
But thine which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this that like the morning sun
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its destin'd day is done,
With PEGGY let me die.

Ye powers that ſmile on virtuous love,
And in ſuch pleaſure ſhare;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.
Reſtore my PEGGY's wonted charms,
Thoſe charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never rob me from thoſe arms:
I'm loſt if PEGGY die.

My Jo JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courteſie,
When ye come by the Baſs then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking glaſs then.
Keek into the draw-well, JANET, JANET;
And there ye'll ſee your bonny ſell, my jo JANET.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I ſhou'd fa' in,
Syne a' my kin will ſay and ſwear,
I drown'd myſell for ſin.
Had the better be the brae, JANET, JANET;
Had the better be the brae, my jo JANET.

Good Sir, for your courteſie,
Coming through Aberdeen then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of ſhoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear, JANET, JANET;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year, my jo JANET.

But what if dancing on the green,
And ſkipping like a mawking,
If they ſhould ſee my clouted ſhoon,
Of me they will be tauking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at een, JANET, JANET,
Syne a' their faults will no be ſeen, my jo JANET.

Kind Sir, for your courteſie,
When ye gae to the croſs then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horſe then.
Pace upo' your ſpinning-wheel, JANET, JANET,
Pace upo' your ſpinning-wheel, my jo JANET.

My ſpinning-wheel is auld and ſtiff,
The rock o't winna ſtand, Sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs aft my hand, Sir.
Mak the beſt o't that ye can, JANET, JANET;
But like it never wale a man, my jo JANET.

My Daddy forbade, my Minny forbade.

WHEN I think on my lad, I ſigh and am ſad,
For now he is far frae me.
My daddy was harſh, my minny was warſe,
That gart him gae yont the ſea,
Without an eſtate, that made him look blate;
And yet a brave lad is he.
Gin ſafe he come hame, in ſpite of my dame,
He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love ſpeirs nae advice of parents o'er wiſe,
That have but ae bairn like me,
That looks upon caſh, as naething but traſh,
That ſhackles what ſhou'd be free.
And though my dear lad not ae penny had,
Since qualities better has he;
Abeit I'm an heireſs, I think it but fair is,
To love him, ſince he loves me.

Then, my dear JAMIE, to thy kind JEANIE,
Haſte, haſte thee in o'er the ſea,
To her wha can find nae eaſe in her mind,
Without a blyth ſight of thee.

Tho' my daddy forbade, and my minny forbade,
Forbidden I will not be;
For ſince thou alone my favour haſt won,
Nane elſe ſhall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve, or without their leave,
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee:
Be content with a heart that can never deſert,
Till they ceaſe to oppoſe or be.
My parents may prove yet friends to our love,
When our firm reſolves they ſee;
Then I with pleaſure will yield up my treaſure,
And a' that love orders, to thee.

The Maltman.

THE maltman comes on Munanday,
He craves wonderous ſair,
Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my ſiller,
Or malt ye'll ne'er get mair.
I took him into the pantry,
And gave him ſome good cock-broo,
Syne paid him upon a gantree,
As hoſtler wives ſhould do.

When maltmen come for ſiller,
And gaugers wi' wands o'er ſoon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
This bewith, when cunzie is ſcanty,
Will keep them frae making din,
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The ſnackeſt of a' my kin.

The maltman is right cunning,
But I can be as ſlee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears ſcores with me:

For come when he likes, I'm ready;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She'll anſwer a bill for me.

The Miller.

MERRY may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her;
Has ay a penny in his purſe
For dinner and for ſupper;
And gin ſhe pleaſe, a good fat cheeſe,
And lumps of yellow butter.

When JAMIE firſt did woo me,
I ſpeir'd what was his calling;
Fair maid, ſays he, O come and ſee,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling:
Though I was ſhy, yet I cou'd ſpy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his houſe was warm and couth,
And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
And in the kiſt was plenty
Of good hard cakes, his mither bakes,
And bannocks were na ſcanty;
A good fat ſow, a fleeky cow
Was ſtanding in the byre;
Whilſt lazy pouſs with mealy mouſe
Was playing at the fire.

Good ſigns are theſe, my mither ſays,
And bids me tak the miller;
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till her;

For meal and malt ſhe does na want,
  Nor ony thing that's dainty;
And now and then a keckling hen
  To lay her eggs in plenty.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

WHA wad na be in love
  Wi' bonny MAGGIE LAUDER?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
  And ſpeir'd what was't they ca'd her;
Right ſcornfully ſhe anſwer'd him,
  Begone, you hallanſhaker,
Jog on your gate, you bladderſkate,
  My name is MAGGIE LAUDER.

MAGGIE, quoth he, and by my bags,
  I'm fidging fain to ſee you;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
  In troth I winna ſteer thee;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
  My name is ROB the Ranter,
The laſſes loup as they were daft,
  When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth MEG, hae you your bags,
  Or is your drone in order?
If you be ROB, I've heard of you,
  Live you upo' the border?
The laſſes a', baith far and near,
  Have heard of ROB the Ranter;
I'll ſhake my foot wi' right goodwill,
  Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' ſpeed,
  About the drone he twiſted,
MEG up and wallop'd o'er the green,
  For brawly could ſhe friſk it.

Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth ſhe,
Weel bob'd, quoth ROB the Ranter,
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae ſick a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth MEG,
Your cheeks are like the crimſon;
There's nane in Scotland plays ſae weel,
Since we loſt HABBY SIMPSON.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
Theſe ten years and a quarter;
Gin you ſhould come to Enſter fair,
Speir you for MAGGIE LAUDER.

Muirland WILLIE.

HARKEN and I will tell you how
Young muirland WILLIE came to woo,
Tho' he cou'd neither ſay nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,
MAGGY I'ſe hae her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade, as he did ride,
Wi' durk and piſtol by his ſide,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moſs, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doughter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din;
What anſwer gi' ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what town ?
I think my doughter winna gloom,
On ſick a lad as ye.
The wooer he ſtep'd up the houſe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouſe,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owſen in a pleugh,
Twa good ga'en yades, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh ;
I ſcorn to tell a lie :
Beſides, I hae frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the town ;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he ſtended up in haſte,
And gript her hard about the waſte,
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear ;
And for myſell you need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his bonnet, and ſpat in his chow,
He dighted his gab, and he prie'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden bluſh'd and bing'd ſu law,
She had na will to ſay him na,
But to her daddy ſhe left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiſs,
Syne ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na ſay me na,
But to yourſell ſhe 'as left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,
But ſick's I hae ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,
Three ſoums of ſheep, twa good milk ky,
Ye's ha'e the wadding-dinner free;
Troth I dow do nae mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haſte, let's do't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony a blythſome lad and laſs;
But ſicken a day there never was,
Sick mirth was never ſeen.
This winſome couple ſtraked hands,
Meſs JOHN ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their toys and mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our ladſes' een,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sick hirdum, dirdum, and ſick din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;
The minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met,
With a fal, dal, &c.

MAGGIE'S Tocher.

THE meal was dear ſhort ſyne,
We buckled us a' thegither;
And MAGGIE was in her prime,
When WILLIE made courtſhip till her.
Twa piſtols charg'd begueſs,
To gi'e the courting-ſhot;
And ſyne came ben the laſs,
Wi' ſwats drawn frae the butt.
He firſt ſpeir'd at the guidman,
And ſyne at GILES the mither,
An ye wad gi'e's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en thegither.
My doughter ye ſhall hae,
I'll gi'e you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fae,
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it ſall be good,
There's nane ſall hae its maik,
The laſs bound in her ſnood,
And Crummie wha kens her ſtake:
Wi' an auld bedding o' claiths,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
Ye may cuddle in them thegither.
Ye ſpeak right weel, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modeſty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land.
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gawn thegither,
A houſe is butt and ben,
And Crummie will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither!
We'ave nouther pat nor pan,
But four bare legs thegither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
For that you needna fear,
Twa good ſtilts to the pleugh,
And ye yourſell maun ſteer:
Ye ſall hae twa good pocks
That ance were o' the tweel,
The t'ane to had the grots,
The ither to had the meal:
Wi' an auld kiſt made o' wands,
And that ſall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may had your tocher.

Conſider well, guidman,
We hae but barrow'd gear,
The horſe that I ride on
Is SANDY WILSON's mare;
The ſaddle's nane o' my ain,
And thae's but barrow'd boots,
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun tak to my coots;
The cloak is GEORDY WATT's,
That gars me look ſae crouſe;
Come, fill us a cogue of ſwats,
We'll mak nae mair toom rooſe.

I like you weel, young lad,
For telling me ſae plain,
I married whan little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
But ſin that things are ſae,
The bride ſhe maun come forth,
Tho' a' the gear ſhe'll hae
'Twill be but little worth.
A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on GILES the mither;
Content am I, quo' ſhe,
E'en gar the hiſſie come hither.

The bride she gade to her bed,
  The bridegroom he came till her;
The fiddler crap in at the fit,
  And they cuddled it a' thegither.

N

NANNY----O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
  'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
I'll save myself, and without stealth,
  Kiss and caress my NANNY—O.
She bids more fair t' engage a JOVE,
  Than LEDA did, or DANAE—O:
Were I to paint the Queen of love,
  None else should sit but NANNY—O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
  When dancing she moves finely—O!
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
  Which sparkle so divinely—O.
Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
  Breathe in the blest Britannia,
None's happiness I shall envy,
  As lang's ye grant me NANNY—O.

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny NANNY—*O,*
  My lovely charming NANNY—*O!*
I care not tho' the world know
  How dearly I love NANNY—*O.*

Scornfu' NANSY.

NANSY's to the Green-wood gane,
  To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
And WILLIE he has followed her,
  To gain her love by flatt'ring:

But a' that he cou'd ſay or do,
She geck'd and ſcorned at him;
And ay whan he began to woo,
She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my aunty?
With crowdymoudy they fed me,
Langkail and rantytanty:
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
O' thae there was right plenty,
With chapped kail butter'd fu' weel;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my daddy was nae laird,
('Tis daffin to be vaunty),
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha'-houſe, and a pantry;
A good blue bonnet on his head,
An o'erlay 'bout his craigy;
And ay until the day he died
He rade on good ſhanks-naigy.

Now wae and wonder on your ſnout,
Wad ye hae bonny NANSY?
Wad ye compare yourſell to me,
A docken to a tanſy?
I hae a wooer o' my ain,
They ca' him ſouple SANDY,
And weel I wat his bonny mou'
Is ſweet like ſugarcandy.

Wow, NANSY, what needs a' this din?
Do I not ken this SANDY?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin
Was RAB the beggar randy;
His minny MEG upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a naſty pack
To me your winſome WILLIE?

My gutcher left a good braid ſword,
Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may take it on my word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a heezy.

I ken he's but a coward thief;
Your titty BESS *can tell him,*
How with her rock ſhe beat his beef,
And ſwore that ſhe wad fell him.
Then he lay blirting like a ſheep,
And ſaid, he was a fau'ter;
Syne unto her did chirm and cheep,
And begged pardon at her.

Then, bonny NANSY, *turn to me,*
And ſo prevent all evil;
Let thy proud ſpeeches now a'be,
And prove ſomewhat mair civil;
Bid ſouple SANDY *get him gone,*
And court his auld coal MAGGIE,
Wi' a' his duds outo'er his drone,
And nought about his craggie.

Then NANSY turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, Did SANDY hear ye,
Ye wadna miſs to get a clout;
I ken he diſna fear ye:
Sae had your tongue and ſay nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your fancy;
For as lang's SANDY's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get NANSY.

Slighted NANSY.

'TIS I have ſev'n braw new gowns,
And ither ſev'n better to mak,
And yet for a' my new gowns
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Beſides I hae ſeven milk-ky,
And SANDY he has but three;
And yet for a' my good ky
The laddie winna hae me.

My daddy's a delver of dykes,
My mither can card and ſpin,
And I'm a fine fudgel laſs,
And the ſiller comes linkin in;
The ſiller comes linkin in,
And it's fu' fair to ſee,
And fifty times wow, O wow!
What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our Bawty does bark,
Then faſt to the door I rin,
To ſee gin ony young ſpark
Will light and venture but in:
But never a ane will come in,
Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
Syne far ben the houſe I rin,
And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my firſt prayers,
I prayed but ance in the year;
I wiſh'd for a handſome young lad,
And a lad wi' muckle gear.
When I was at my neiſt prayers,
I pray'd but now and than;
I faſh'd na my head about gear,
If I gat but a handſome young man.

But now when I'm at my laſt prayers,
I pray on baith night and day,
And O! if a beggar wad come,
With that ſame beggar I'd gae.
And O! what will come o' me!
And O! and what'll I do?
That ſick a braw laſſie as I
Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

Norland Jocky.

A Southland Jenny, that was right bonny,
Had for a ſuitor a Norland Jonny;
But he was ſickan a baſhful wooer,
That he cou'd ſcarcely ſpeak unto her;
Till blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her ſiller,
Forced him at laſt to tell his mind till her.
My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the muir and marry.

SHE.

Come, come awa' then, my Norland laddie,
Tho' we gang neatly, ſome are mair gaudy;
And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

Ye laſſes o' the ſouth, ye're a' for dreſſing;
Laſſes o' the north mind milking and threſhing:
My minny wad be angry, and ſae wad my daddy,
Should I marry ane as dink as a lady;
For I maun hae a wife that will riſe i' the morning,
Crudle a' the milk, and keep the houſe a' ſcolding,
Toolie wi' her nei'bours, and learn at my minny.
A Norland Jocky maun hae a Norland Jenny.

SHE.

My father's only daughter, and twenty thouſand pound,
Shall never be beſtow'd on ſick a ſilly clown:
For a' that I ſaid was to try what was in ye.
Gae hame, ye Norland JOCK, and court your Norland JENNY.

O

Omnia vincit Amor.

AS I went forth to view the ſpring,
Which FLORA had adorned
In raiment fair; now every thing
The rage of winter ſcorned;
I caſt mine eye, and did eſpy
A youth, who made great clamor;
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breaſt he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful ſong
With ſighs he did deliver:
Ah! JEANY's face has comely grace,
Her locks that ſhine like lammer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets ſheen,
The morning ſun outſhining,
Have caught my heart in CUPID's net,
And make me die with pining,

Durſt I complain, Nature's to blame,
So curiouſly to frame her,
Whoſe beauties rare make me, with care,
Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye cryſtal ſtreams that ſwiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning,
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
Condemn her for her ſcorning;
Let ev'ry tree a witneſs be,
How juſtly I may blame her;
Ye chanting birds, note theſe my words,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had ſhe been kind as ſhe was fair,
She long had been admired,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
Wh' of life now makes me tired.
Thus ſaid, his breath began to fail,
He could not ſpeak, but ſtammer;
He ſigh'd full ſore, and ſaid no more,
But *omnia vincit amor.*

When I obſerv'd him near to death,
I run in haſte to ſave him,
But quickly he reſign'd his breath,
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her ſake this vow I'll make,
My tongue ſhall ay defame her,
While on his herſe I'll write this verſe,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Straight I conſider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found, though CUPID he be blind,
He proves in pith moſt mighty.
For warlike MARS, and thund'ring JOVE,
And VULCAN with his hammer,
Did ever prove the ſlaves of love;
For *omnia vincit amor.*

Hence we may ſee th' effects of love,
  Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
  Or torments break aſunder:
Nor wiſe nor fool need go to ſchool
  To learn this from his grammar;
His heart's the book where he's to look
  For *omnia vincit amor*.

O'er the Muir to MAGGIE.

AND I'll o'er the muir to MAGGIE,
  Her wit and ſweetneſs call me,
Then to my fair I'll ſhow my mind,
  Whatever may befal me.
If ſhe love mirth, I'll learn to ſing;
  Or like the nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in PINDUS' ſpring,
  And invocate APOLLO.

If ſhe admire a martial mind,
  I'll ſheath my limbs in armour;
If to the ſofter dance inclin'd,
  With gayeſt airs I'll charm her;
If ſhe love grandeur, day and night
  I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's ſight,
  And ſhine in future ſtory.

Beauty can wonders work with eaſe,
  Where wit is correſponding;
And braveſt men know beſt to pleaſe,
  With complaiſance abounding.
My bonny MAGGIE's love can turn
  Me to what ſhape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her breaſt that flame ſhall burn,
  Which in my boſom bleezes.

O'er the Hills and far away.

JOCKY met with JENNY fair,
Aft by the dawning of the day;
But JOCKY now is fu' of care,
Since JENNY ſtaw his heart away:
Altho' ſhe promis'd to be true,
She proven has, alake! unkind;
Which gars poor JOCKY aften rue
That e'er he loo'd a fickle mind.
And it's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
It's o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now JOCKY was a bonny lad
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
Since JENNY has gart him deſpair.
Young JOCKY was a piper's ſon,
And fell in love when he was young,
But a' the ſprings that he could play
Was, O'er the hills and far away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

He ſung,——When firſt my JENNY's face
I ſaw, ſhe ſeem'd ſae fu' of grace,
With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
That's now, alas! with ſorrow kill'd.
Oh! was ſhe but as true as fair,
'Twad put an end to my deſpair.
Inſtead of that ſhe is unkind,
And wavers like the winter wind.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Ah! cou'd ſhe find the diſmal wae,
That for her ſake I undergae,
She cou'dna chuſe but grant relief,
And put an end to a' my grief:

But, oh! ſhe is as fauſe as fair,
Which cauſes a' my ſighs and care;
But ſhe triumphs in proud diſdain,
And takes a pleaſure in my pain.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Hard was my hap to fa' in love
With ane that does ſae faithleſs prove.
Hard was my fate to court a maid,
That has my conſtant heart betray'd.
A thouſand times to me ſhe ſware,
She wad be true for evermair;
But to my grief, alake! I ſay,
She ſtaw my heart, and ran away.
And it's o'er the hills, &c.

Since that ſhe will nae pity take,
I maun gae wander for her ſake,
And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove,
I'll ſighing ſing, Adieu to love.
Since ſhe is fauſe whom I adore,
I'll never truſt a woman more:
Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
And on my pipe I'll ſweetly play,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

O'er Bogie.

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had ſworn and ſaid,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
If I can get but her conſent,
I dinna care a ſtrae;
Though ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now, she's mistress of my heart,
  And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat we shanna part
  For siller or for land.
Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
  And beaus admire fine lace,
But my chief pleasure is to blink
  On BETTY's bonny face.
    I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
  Of colour, treats, and air,
The saul that sparkles in her een
  Makes her a jewel rare:
Her flowing wit gives shining life
  To a' her other charms;
How blest'd I'll be when she's my wife,
  And lock'd up in my arms!
    I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
  While o'er her sweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,
  Shame fa' them that wa'd change.
A kiss of BETTY and a smile,
  Abeit ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to Britain's isle
  And offer me ye'r crown.
    I will awa', &c.

P

Pinky House.

BY Pinky House oft let me walk,
  While circled in my arms,
I hear my NELLY sweetly talk;
  And gaze o'er all her charms;

O let me ever fond behold
Thoſe graces void of art!
Thoſe chearful ſmiles that ſweetly hold
In willing chains my heart!

O come, my Love! and bring a-new
That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulneſs of air, in you,
By Nature's hand deſign'd;
What beauty, like the bluſhing roſe,
Firſt lighted up this flame;
Which, like the ſun, for ever glows
Within my breaſt the ſame!

Ye light Coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How ſeldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O! gather from my NELLY's charms,
That ſweet, that graceful eaſe;
That bluſhing modeſty that warms;
That native art to pleaſe!

Come then, my love! O come along!
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inſpirer of my ſong!
O fill my longing arms!
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, ſo bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair, both pleaſe the eye,
And fill the ſoul divine!

Same Tune.

AS SYLVIA in a foreſt lay,
To vent her woe alone;
Her ſwain SYLVANDER came that way,
And heard her dying moan.

Ah! is my love, ſhe ſaid, to you
So worthleſs and ſo vain?
Why is your wonted fondneſs now
Converted to diſdain?

You vow'd the light ſhou'd darkneſs turn,
E'er you'd exchange your love;
In ſhades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you ſwore?
But, ah! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I ſee it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you delighted, I could die;
But, oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous conſtant I
Shou'd by yourſelf be kill'd.

This ſaid——all breathleſs, ſick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital ſpirits fail,
And ſenſes at a ſtand.
SYLVANDER then began to melt;
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of death ſhe felt,
And ſigh'd her ſoul to Heav'n.

PEGGY, I muſt love thee.

AS from a rock paſt all relief,
The ſhipwrackt COLIN ſpying
His native ſoil, o'ercome with grief,
Half ſunk in waves, and dying:

With the next morning-ſun he ſpies
A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe;
New life ſprings up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
I found in PEGGY's mind and face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But virtue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying?
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:
I'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
Since marriage can my fears oppoſe:
Why ſhould we happy minutes loſe?
Since, PEGGY, I muſt love thee.

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
Doating on a proud beauty:
Such was my caſe for many a year,
Still hope ſucceeding to my fear,
Falſe BETTY's charms now diſappear
Since PEGGY's far outſhine them.

Same Tune.

BENEATH a beech's grateful ſhade
Young COLIN lay complaining;
He ſigh'd, and ſeem'd to love a maid,
Without hopes of obtaining:

For thus the ſwain indulg'd his grief,
Tho' pity cannot move thee,
Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, PEGGY, I muſt love thee.

Say, PEGGY, what has COLIN done,
That thus you cruelly uſe him?
If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
For which you ſhould excuſe him!
'Twas thy dear ſelf firſt rais'd this flame,
This fire by which I languiſh;
'Tis thou alone can quench the ſame,
And cool its ſcorching anguiſh.

For thee I leave the ſportive plain,
Where ev'ry maid invites me;
For thee, ſole cauſe of all my pain,
For thee that only ſlights me:
This love that fires my faithful heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! would thou act ſo good a part,
My grief might ſoon be ended.

That beauteous breaſt ſo ſoft to feel,
Seem'd tenderneſs all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like ſteel,
'Gainſt thy deſpairing lover.
Alas! though ſhould it ne'er relent,
Nor COLIN's care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's lateſt breath is ſpent,
My PEGGY, I muſt love thee.

Polwart on the Green.

AT Polwart on the green,
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where laſſes do convene
To dance about the thorn,

A kindly welcome you ſhall meet,
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames ſay Na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the ſna',
While inwardly they bleeze;
But I will frankly ſhaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay,
With ſangs and dancing keen,
We'll paſs the heartſome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

Same Tune.

THO' beauty, like the roſe,
That ſmiles on Polwart green,
In various colours ſhows,
As 'tis by fancy ſeen:
Yet all its diff'rent glories ly
United in thy face,
And virtue, like the ſun on high,
Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
So ſmooth, ſo calm her mind,
That to ſome angel's care
Each motion ſeems aſſign'd:

But yet ſo chearful, ſprightly, gay,
The joyful moments fly,
As if for wings they ſtole the ray
She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
With tuneful voice ſhe ſings,
Perfume her breath and ſmile,
And wave their balmy wings:
But as the tender bluſhes riſe,
Soft innocence doth warm,
The ſoul in bliſful extaſies
Diſſolveth in the charm.

PEATY'S Mill.

THE laſs of PEATY's mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
Hath ſtole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midſt her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To preſs 'em with his hand:
Through all my ſpirits ran
An extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.

Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
HOPTOUN's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfill,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of PEATY's mill
Shou'd ſhare the ſame with me.

Pier of Leith.

YOUNG PHILANDER woo'd me lang,
But I was peeviſh and forbad him,
I wadna tent his loving ſang,
But now I wiſh, I wiſh I had him:
Ilk morning when I view my glaſs,
Then I perceive my beauty going;
And when the wrinkles ſeize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes ſo much admir'd,
I find it fading faſt, and flying;
My cheeks, which coral-like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying:
Ah! we may ſee ourſelves to be,
Like ſummer-fruit that is unſhaken;
When ripe, they ſoon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Uſe then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil;
Fifteen is a ſeaſon rare,
But five and twenty is the devil.

Juſt when ripe, conſent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow;
Women are like other fruit,
They loſe their reliſh when too mellow.

If opportunity be loſt,
You'll find it hard to be regained;
Which now I may tell to my coſt,
Tho' but myſell nane can be blamed:
If then your fortune you reſpect,
Take the occaſion when it offers;
Nor a true lover's ſuit neglect,
Leſt you be ſcoff'd for being ſcoffers.

I, by his fond expreſſions thought,
That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing;
But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
And, paſt my hope, he's gane a ranging.
Dear maidens, then take my advice,
And let na coyneſs prove your ruin;
For if ye be o'er fooliſh nice,
Your ſuitors will give over wooing.

Then *maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
And in that fretfu' rank be number'd,
As lang as life; and when ye die,
With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
A puniſhment, and hated brand,
With which nane of us are contented;
Then be not wiſe behind the hand,
That the miſtake may be prevented.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which ſmiling tells the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r.
Like unripe fruit will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye:
Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my PATIE's arms for good and a';
But ſtint your wiſhes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armsfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun, gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe:
O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal-day:
And if ye're wearied, honeſt light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

Q

Queen of the May.

JENNY.

STERN Winter has left us, the trees are in bloom,
And cowſlips and vi'lets the meadows perfume;
While kids are diſporting, and birds fill the ſpray,
I wait for my JOCKY to hail the new May.

JOCKY.

Among the young lilies, my JENNY, I've ſtray'd,
Pinks, daiſies and woodbines I bring to my maid;
Here's thyme ſweetly ſmelling, and lavender gay,
A poſy to form for my Queen of the May.

JENNY.

Ah! JOCKY, I fear you intend to beguile,
When ſeated with MOLLY laſt night on a ſtile,
You ſwore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor JENNY, your Queen of the May.

JOCKY.

Young WILLY is handſome in ſhepherds' green dreſt,
He gave you theſe ribbons that hang at your breaſt,
Beſides three ſweet kiſſes upon the new hay;
Was that done like JENNY, the Queen of the May?

JENNY.

This garland of roſes no longer I prize,
Since JOCKY, falſe-hearted, his paſſion denies:
Ye flowers ſo blooming, this inſtant decay,
For JENNY's no longer the Queen of the May.

JOCKY.

Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you wrong,
Your name is for ever the theme of my ſong;
From the dews of pale eve' to the dawning of day,
I ſing but of JENNY, my Queen of the May.

JENNY.

Again, balmy comfort with tranſport I view,
My fears are all vaniſh'd, ſince JOCKY is true;
Then to our blyth ſhepherds the news I'll convey,
That JENNY alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

JOCKY.

Come all young lovers, I pray you draw near,
Avoid all ſuſpicion, whate'er may appear;
Believe not your eyes, leſt your peace they betray.
Then come, my dear JENNY, and hail the new May.
Come all young lovers, &c.

Queen MARY.

YOU meaner beutyes of the night,
Which poorely ſatiſfy our eyes,
More by your number then your light,
Like common people of the ſkyes;
What are yee, when the moon doth riſe?

Yee violets, that firſt appeare,
By your purple mantles known,
Like proud virgins of the yeare,
As if the ſpring were all your owne;
What are yee when the roſe is blown?

Yee wandring chaunters of the wood,
That fill the ayre with nature's layes,
Thinking your paſſions underſtood
By weak accènts: What is your praiſe
When PHILOMEL her voyce ſhall raiſe?

You glancing jewels of the eaſt,
Whoſe eſtimation fancies raiſe,
Pearls, rubies, ſapphires, and the reſt
Of glittering gems: what is your praiſe,
When the bright diamond ſhews his rays?

But, ah! poor light, gem, voice and ſmell,
What are ye if my MARY *ſhine?*
Moon, diamond, flowers, and PHILOMEL,
Light, luſtre, ſcent, and muſick tine,
And yield to merit more divine.

So when my miſtris ſhall be ſeen
In ſweetneſſe of her looks, and minde;
By vertue firſt, then choyce a queen;
Tell mee if ſhe was not deſignde
The eccliplſe and glory of her kinde?

There roſe and lilly, the hale ſpring,
Unto her breath for ſweetneſs ſpeed;
The diamond darkens in the ring:
When ſhe appeares, the moon looks dead,
As when SOL *lifts his radiant head.*

Highland Queen.

NO more my ſong ſhall be, ye ſwains,
Of purling ſtreams, or flow'ry plains;
More pleaſing beauties me inſpire,
And PHOEBUS tunes the warbling lyre;
Divinely aided, thus I mean
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, ſweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike ſhe ſmiles on you and me:
The brighteſt nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No ſordid wiſh, or trifling joy,
Her ſettled calm of mind deſtroy;
Strict honour fills her ſpotleſs ſoul,
And adds a luſtre to the whole;
A matchleſs ſhape, a graceful mein,
All center in my Highland Queen.

How bleſt that youth, whom gentle Fate
Has deſtin'd for ſo fair a mate;
Has all theſe wond'rous gifts in ſtore,
And each returning day brings more;
No youth ſo happy can be ſeen,
Poſſeſſing thee, my Highland Queen.

R

Roſlin Caſtle.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That COLIN, with the morning ray,
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay;
Of NANNY's charms the ſhepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with NANNY rung,
While Roſlin caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the chearful ſtrain.

Awake, ſweet muſe, the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms, awake and ſing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a ſong:
To NANNY raiſe the chearful lay,
O bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong:
Then let my raviſh'd notes ariſe,
For beauty darts from NANNY's eyes,
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy COLIN's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away;
Come, while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine:
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the ſpring,
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd heart of mine.

Same Tune.

FROM Roſlin caſtle's echoing walls
Reſounds my ſhepherd's ardent calls,
My COLIN bids me come away,
And love demands I ſhould obey.
His melting ſtrain, and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love diſplay,
I yield—nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and bleſs my ſwain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful pleaſing flame I feel;
My ſoul retorts the am'rous ſtrain,
And echoes back in love again.
Where larks my ſongſter? from what grove
Does COLIN pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bower,
Where mutual love may bleſs ſecure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the ſong,
Repeating as it flies along,
To COLIN's ear my ſtrain convey,
And ſay, I haſte to come away.
Ye zephyrs ſoft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the ſoothing tale;
In whiſpers all my ſoul expreſs,
And tell, I haſte his arms to bleſs.

Ranting, roaring WILLIE.

O MARY! thy graces and glances,
Thy ſmiles ſo enchantingly gay,
And thoughts ſo divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour diſplay.
But ſay not thou'lt imitate angels
Ought fairer, though ſcarcely, ah me!
Can be found equalizing thy merit,
A match amongſt mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties ſhed fires,
May warm up ten thouſand to love,
Who deſpairing, may fly to ſome other,
While I may deſpair, but ne'er rove.
What a mixture of ſighing and joys
This diſtant adoring of thee,
Gives to a fond heart too aſpiring,
Who loves in ſad ſilence like me!

Thus looks the poor beggar on treaſure,
The ſhipwreck'd on landſcapes on ſhore;
Be ſtill more divine, and have pity;
I die ſoon as hope is no more.
For, MARY, my ſoul is thy captive,
Nor loves nor expects to be free;
Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
Thy ſlav'ry's a pleaſure to me.

The Runaway Bride.

A LADIE and a laſſie
Dwelt in the ſouth countrie,
And they hae caſſen their claiths thegither,
And married they wad be:
The bridal-day was ſet,
On Tueday for to be;
Then hey play up the rinawa' bride,
For ſhe has ta'en the gie.

She had nae run a mile or twa,
Whan ſhe began to conſider,
The ang'ring of her father dear,
The diſpleaſing o' her mither;
The ſlighting of the ſilly bridegroom,
The weel warſt o' the three;
Then hey, &c.

Her father and her mither
Ran after her wi' ſpeed,
And ay they ran until they came
Unto the water of Tweed;
And when they came to Kelſo town,
They gart the clap gae thro',
Saw ye a laſs wi' a hood and a mantle,
The face o't lin'd up wi' blue;
The face o't lin'd up wi' blue,
And the tail lin'd up wi' green,
Saw ye a laſs wi' a hood and a mantle,
Was married on Tiſeday 'teen?

Now wally ſu' fa' the ſilly bridegroom,
He was as ſaft as butter;
For had ſhe play'd the like to me,
I had nae ſae eaſily quit her;
I'd gi'en her a tune o' my hoboy,
And ſet my fancy free,
And ſyne play'd up our runawa' bride,
And lutten her tak the gie.

Rob's Jock.

ROB's Jock came to woo our Jenny
On ae feaſt-day whan we were fou;
She braukit faſt and made her bonny,
And ſaid, Jock, come ye here to woo?

She burniſt her baith breaſt an I I ro w,
And made her cleer as ony clock:
Then ſpak her dame, and ſaid, I trow
Ye come to woo our JENNY, JOCK.

JOCK ſaid, Forſuith I yern fu' fain
To luk my head, and ſit down by you:
Then ſpak her minny, and ſaid again,
My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.
Tehie! quo' JENNY, kick, kick, I ſee you:
Minny, yon man maks but a mock.
Deil hae the liers—fu lies me o' you,
I come to woo your JENNY, quo' JOCK.

My bairn has tocher o' her awin;
A guſe, a gryce, a cock and hen,
A ſtirk, a ſtaig, an acre ſawin,
A bakbread, and a bannock-ſtane;
A pig, a pat, and a kirn thereben,
A kame butt a kaming-ſtock;
Wi' coags and luggies nine or ten:
Come ye to woo our JENNY, JOCK?

A wecht, a peet-creel, and a cradle,
A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
A milſie, and a ſowen-pail,
A rouſty whittle to ſheer the kail,
And a timmer-mell the bear to knock;
Twa ſkelfs made of an auld fir-dale:
Come ye to woo our JENNY, JOCK?

A furm, a furlet, and a peck,
A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
A tub, a barrow, and a ſeck,
A ſpurtle braid, and an elwand.
Then JOCK took JENNY be the hand,
And cry'd, A feaſt! and ſlew a cock,
And made a bridal upo' land;
Now I have got your JENNY, quo' JOCK.

Now, dame, I hae your dochter married,
And tho' ye mak it ne'er ſae tough,
I let ye wit ſhe's nae miſcarried,
It's weel kend I hae gear enough:
An auld gaw'd gloyd fell o'er a heugh,
A ſpade, a ſpeet, a ſpur, a ſock;
Withoutten owſen I hae a pleugh:
May that na ſer your JENNY, quo' JOCK?

A treen truncher, a ram-horn ſpoon,
Twa buits of barkit blaiſant leather,
A' graith that ganes to coble ſhoon,
And a thrawcruik to twine a tether,
Twa crocks that moup amang the heather,
A pair of branks, and a ſetter-lock,
A teugh purſe made of a ſwine's blather,
To had your tocher, JENNY, quo' JOCK.

Good elding for our winter-fire,
A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to clat the byre,
A deuk about the dubs to paddle.
The pannel of an auld led-ſaddle,
And ROB my eem hecht me a ſtock,
Twa luſty lips to lick a ladle:
May thir na gane your JENNY, quo' JOCK?

A pair of hems and brechom fine,
And without bitts a bridle-reinzie,
A ſark made of the linkſome twine,
A gay green cloak that winna ſtenzie;
Mair yet in ſtore,—I needna fenzie,
Five hundred flaes, a ſendy flock;
And are not thae a wakrife menzie
To gae to bed wi' JENNY and JOCK?

Tak thir for my part of the feaſt,
It is well knawin that I'm weel bodin;
Ye needna ſay my part is leaſt,
Were they as meikle as they're lodin.

The wife ſpeir'd gin the kail was ſodin,
Whan we hae done, tak hame the brok:
The roaſt was teugh as raploch hodin,
Wi' which they feaſted JENNY and JOCK.

Rock and wee Pickle Tow.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
And ſhe wad gae try the ſpinning o't,
But louten her down, her rock took a low,
And that was an ill beginning o't;
She lap and ſhe grat, ſhe flet and ſhe flang,
She trow and ſhe drew, ſhe ringled, ſhe rang,
She chocked, ſhe bocked, and cried, Let me hang,
That ever I try'd the ſpinning o't.

I hae been a wife theſe threeſcore of years,
And never did try the ſpinning o't;
But how I was ſarked foul fa' them that ſpeirs,
For it minds me o' the beginning o't:
The women now-a-days are turned ſae bra',
That ilk ane maun hae a ſark, ſome maun hae twa,
But the warld was better whan ſeint ane ava,
But a wee rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that e'er adviſ'd me to ſpin,
For it minds me o' the beginning o't;
I might well have ended as I had begun,
And never had try'd the ſpinning o't:
But they ſay ſhe's a wiſe wife wha kens her ain weird;
I thought ance a day it wad never be ſpeir'd,
How loot you the low tak the rock by the beard,
Whan you gaed to try the ſpinning o't?

The ſpinning, the ſpinning, it gars my heart ſab,
Whan I think on the beginning o't;
I thought ance in a day to 'ave made a wab,
And this was to 'ave been the beginning o't;

But had I nine doughters, as I hae but three,
The ſafeſt and ſoundeſt advice I wad gie,
That they frae ſpinning wad keep their hands free,
For fear o' an ill beginning o't.

But in ſpite of my counſel if they wad needs run
The dreary ſad taſk o' the ſpinning o't,
Let them ſeek out a loun place at the heat o' the ſun,
Syne venture on the beginning o't:
For, O do as I've done, alake and vow,
To buſk up a rock at the cheek of a low,
They'd ſay, that I had little wit in my pow,
And as little I've done wi' the ſpinning o't.

Same Tune.

I HAE a green purſe and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land, and planting on't,
It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has ſtow'd;
But the beſt thing of a's yet wanting on't:
To grace it, and trace it, and gi'e me delight,
To bleſs me, and kiſs me, and comfort my ſight,
With beauty by day, and kindneſs by night,
And nae mair my lane gang ſaunt'ring on't.

My CHRISTY is charming, and good as ſhe's fair;
Her een and her mouth are inchantingly ſweet;
She ſmiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e deſpair;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou faireſt and deareſt delight of my mind,
Whoſe gracious embraces by Heav'n were deſign'd
For happieſt tranſports, and bliſſes refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting ſweet.

For thee, bonny CHRISTY, my ſhepherds and hynds
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine;
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
Our days ſhall with pleaſure and plenty ſhine.

Then hear me, and chear me with ſmiling conſent,
Believe me, and give me no cauſe to lament,
Since I ne'er can be happy till thou ſay, Content,
I'm pleas'd with my JAMIE, and he ſhall be mine.

S

Sae merry as we hae been.

A LASS that was laden'd with care
Sat heavily under yon thorn;
I liſten'd a while for to hear,
When thus ſhe began for to mourn:
Whene'er my dear ſhepherd was there,
The birds did melodiouſly ſing,
And cold nipping winter did wear
A face that reſembled the ſpring.
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
My heart it is like for to break,
When I think on the days we have ſeen.

Our flocks feeding cloſe by his ſide,
He gently preſſing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
My dear, he would oft'n to me ſay,
What makes you hard-hearted to me?
Oh! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee?
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my ſight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.

At eve, when the reſt of the folk
Were merrily ſeated to ſpin,
I ſet myſelf under an oak,
And heavily ſighed for him.
Sae merry, &c.

Same Tune.

NOW PHOEBUS advances on high,
Nae footſteps of Winter are ſeen;
The birds carrol ſweet in the ſky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.
Through plantings, and burnies ſae clear,
We wander for pleaſure or health,
Where buddings and bloſſoms appear,
Giving proſpects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay ſcene all around,
That are, and that promiſe to be;
Yet in them a' naething is found
Sae perfect, ELIZA, as thee.
Thy een the clear fountains excel,
Thy locks they outrival the grove;
When zephyrs thus pleaſingly ſwell,
Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roſes and lilies combin'd,
And flowers of maiſt delicate hue,
By thy cheeks and dear breaſts are outſhin'd,
Their tinctures are naething ſae true.
What can we compare to thy voice?
And what with thy humour ſae ſweet?
Nae muſic can bleſs with ſick joys;
Sure angels are juſt ſae compleat.

Fair bloſſom of ilka delight,
Whoſe beauties ten thouſand outſhine;
Thy ſweets ſhall be laſting and bright,
Being mixt wi' ſae many divine.

Ye powers, who have given ſick charms
To ELIZA, your image below,
O ſave her frae all human harms,
And make her hours happily flow!

Saw ye nae my PEGGY.

SAW ye nae my PEGGY,
Saw ye nae my PEGGY,
Saw ye nae my PEGGY,
Coming o'er the lee?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by Nature,
So complete each feature,
So divine is ſhe.

O! how PEGGY charms me;
Every look ſtill warms me;
Every thought alarms me,
Leſt ſhe love nae me.
PEGGY doth diſcover
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her,
That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
'Till I happy be.
For ſince love inſpires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her abſence tires me,
Nought can pleaſe but ſhe.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate ſeems to detain her,
Cou'd I but obtain her,
Happy wou'd I be!

I'll ly down before her,
Bleſs, ſigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
'Till ſhe pity me.

Same Tune.

COME, let's hae mair wine in,
BACCHUS hates repining,
VENUS loes nae dwining,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir,
Your miſtreſs, ROBIE, gi'es her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleaſure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let PEGGY warm ye,
That's a laſs can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is ſhe to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wiſh ane brawer,
If ye bareheaded ſaw her,
Kiltit to the knee.

PEGGY a dainty laſs is;
Come, let's join our glaſſes,
And refreſh our hauſes,
With a health to thee.
Let coofs their caſh be clinking,
Be ſtateſmen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking
Gie our cares the lie.

She roſe and loot me in.

THE ſilent Night her ſables wore,
And gloomy were the ſkies;
Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in NELLY's eyes;
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, ſhrouded only with her ſmock,
Aroſe and loot me in.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe embrace,
She trembling ſtood aſham'd;
Her ſwelling breaſt, and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch enflam'd.
My eager paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the fort to win;
And her fond heart was ſoon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the joy;
I knew no greater bleſſing,
So bleſt a man was I:
And ſhe, all raviſh'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd that ev'ry night
She'd riſe and let me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd wi' bairn,
And ſighing ſat, and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en juſt like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her raſh ſin;
She ſigh'd, and curſt the fatal hour
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part!
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart;
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime;
Thus all was well again,
And now ſhe thanks the happy time
She roſe and loot me in.

Spinning Wheel.

AS I ſat at my ſpinning-wheel,
A bonny lad was paſſing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For trouth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

With looks all kindneſs he drew near,
And ſtill mair lovely did appear;
And round about my ſlender waiſt
He claſp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
To kiſs my hand, ſyne down did kneel,
As I ſat at my ſpinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers lang and ſmall,
And ſaid, there was nae lady fair
That ever cou'd with me compare.
Theſe words into my heart did ſteal,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

Altho' I ſeemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But ſtill declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded ſair:
That I my love cou'd ſcarce conceal,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnels and my ſpinning-wheel;
He bid me leave them all with ſpeed,
And gang with him to yonder mead:
My yielding heart ſtrange flames did feel,
Yet ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whiſper'd, Riſe, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon haycock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
In trouth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my ſpinning-wheel.

Amang the pleaſant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay;
What laſſie, young and ſaft as I,
Cou'd ſick a handſome lad deny?
Theſe pleaſures I cannot reveal,
That far ſurpaſt the ſpinning-wheel.

Slighted Love fair to bide.

I HAD a heart, but now I heartleſs gae;
I had a mind, but daily was oppreſt;
I had a friend that's now become my foe;
I had a will that now has freedom loſt:
What have I now? naithing I trow,
But grief where I had joy:
What am I than? a heartleſs man:
Could love me thus deſtroy?
I love, I ſerve ane whom I much regard,
Yet for my love diſdain is my reward.

Where ſhall I gang to hide my weary face?
Where ſhall I find a place for my defence?
Where my true love remains the fitteſt place,
Of all the earth that is my confidence.

She has my heart 'till I depart:
Let her do what she list,
I cannot mend, but still depend,
And daily to insist,
To purchase love, if love my love deserve;
If not for love, let love my body starve.

O lady fair! whom I do honour most,
Your name and fame within my breast I have;
Let not my love and labour thus be lost,
But still in mind I pray thee to engrave,
That I am true, and fall not rue
Ane word that I have said:
I am your man, do what you can,
When all these plays are plaid.
Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,
Since man and goods are all at your command.

Soger Laddie.

MY soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is steddy,
There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms.
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

Steer her up, and had her gawin.

O STEER her up, and had her gawin,
Her mither's at the mill, jo;
But gin ſhe winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo.
Pray thee, lad, leave ſilly thinking,
Caſt thy cares of love away;
Let's our ſorrows drown in drinking,
'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that ſhining glaſs of claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Tak it aff, and let's hae mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
Let's hae mair pleaſure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,
Place't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou, as ever it can hold:
O tak tent ye dinna ſpill it,
'Tis mair precious far than gold.
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
BACCHUS will begin to prove,
Spite of VENUS and her mumpers,
Drinking better is than love.

Sleepy Body.

SOmnolente, quæſo, repente
Vigila, vivat, me tange.
Somnolente, quæſo, repente
Vigila, vive, me tange.

Cum me ambiebas,
Videri ſolebas
Amoris negotiis aptus;
At factus maritus,
In lecto ſopitus
Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

O ſleepy body,
And drowſy body,
O wiltuna waken and turn thee:
To drivel and draunt,
While I ſigh and gaunt,
Gives me good reaſon to ſcorn thee.

When thou ſhouldſt be kind,
Thou turns ſleepy and blind,
And ſnoters and ſnores far frae me.
Wae light on thy face,
Thy drowſy embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee.

Sir JOHN MALCOLM.

KEEP ye weel frae Sir JOHN MALCOLM, Igo and ago,
If he's a wiſe man, I miſtak him, Iram coram dago.
Keep ye weel frae SANDIE DON, Igo and ago,
He's ten times dafter than Sir JOHN, Iram coram dago.

To hear them of their travels talk,
To gae to London's but a walk:
I hae been at Amſterdam,
Where I ſaw mony a braw madam.

To ſee the wonders of the deep,
Wad gar a man baith wail and weep;
To ſee the Leviathans ſkip,
And wi' their tail ding o'er a ſhip.

Was ye e'er in Crail town ?
Did ye ſee Clark DISHINGTOUN ?
His wig was like a drouket hen,
And the tail o't hang down,
like a meikle maan lang draket gooſe-pen.

But for to make ye mair enamour'd,
He has a glaſs in his beſt chamber ;
But forth he ſtept unto the door,
For he took pills the night before.

T

Tweed-Side.

WHAT beauties does FLORA diſcloſe?
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed?
Yet MARY's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe ;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſhing roſe,
Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird, and ſweet-cooing dove,
With muſick enchant ev'ry buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing.

How does my love paſs the long day ?
Does MARY not tend a few ſheep ?
Do they never carelefly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lyes aſleep ?

Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind Nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's faireſt, where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

Throw the Wood, Laddie.

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy NELLY to mourn?
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When naething can pleaſe me:
Now dowie I ſigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.
Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare not to tell:
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander myſell.
Then ſtay, my dear SANDY, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow
Haſte here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY ſweeteſt MAY, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant ſlave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it.
'Tis proof a-ſhot to birth or money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiſs and a ſmily,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet theſe lips of thine are,
Thy boſom white, and legs ſae fine are,
That, when in pools I ſee thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,
Tho' kith and kin and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane thro' flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks leſt they ſhould wander;
Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi' ye my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear laſſie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin.
That Na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely,
O ſay Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

To danton me.

ALAS! when charming SYLVIA's gone,
I ſigh and think myſelf undone;
But when the lovely nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.
Thoughtleſs of all but her I rove.
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me! what pow'r can move me ſo?
I die with grief when ſhe muſt go,
But I revive at her return;
I ſmile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
Tranſports ſo ſtrong, ſo ſweet, ſo new,
Say, can they be to friendſhip due?

Ah no! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
I feel, I feel the pleaſing pain
For who e'er ſaw bright SYLVIA's eyes,
But wiſh'd, and long'd, and was her prize?
Gods, if the trueſt muſt be bleſs'd,
O let her be by me poſſeſs'd.

Tarry Woo.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to ſpin,
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd and ſpun,
Then the work is haſtens done;
But when woven, dreſt and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmleſs ſheep,
That feed upon the mountains ſteep,
Bleeting ſweetly as ye go
Thro' the winter's froſt and ſnow;
Hart and hynd and fallow deer,
No be ha'f ſo uſeful are;
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye ſhepherds, dance and ſkip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip,
Sing up the praiſe of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too:

Harmleſs creatures without blame,
That clead the back and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leeſe me on the tarry woo.

How happy is a ſhepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of ſtrife,
While the gimmers bleet and bae,
And the lambkins anſwer mae?
No ſuch muſick to his ear,
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy kent, and colly too,
Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal ſcepter ſways,
Has not ſweeter holydays.
Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a ſhepherd ſings ſae well;
Sings ſae well, and pays his due,
With honeſt heart and tarry woo?

Tak your auld Cloak about you.

IN Winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And froſt and ſnaw on ilka hill,
And BOREAS, wi' his blaſts ſae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then BELL, my wife, wha lo'es na ſtrife,
She ſaid to me right haſtily,
Get up, goodman, ſave Cromy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

O BELL, *why doſt thou flyte and ſcorne?*
Thou kenſt my cloak is very thin:
It is ſo bare and overworne,
A cricke he thereon cannot rin:

Then Ile noe longer borrow nor lend,
For once Ile new apparel'd bee,
To-morrow Ile to town and ſpend,
For Ile have a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an uſeful cow,
And ſhe is come of a good kine;
Aft has ſhe wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that ſhe ſhou'd tyne;
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift fae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our King ROBERT rang,
His trews they coſt but ha'f a crown;
He ſaid, they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown:
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain lough,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not ſee ROB, JOCK and HAB,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe?
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten:
Now, they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good huſband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife ſhe lo'es na ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me, if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye gi'e her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

Tibby Fowler of the Glen.

Tibby has a ſtore of charms,
Her genty ſhape our fancy warms;
How ſtrangely can her ſma' white arms
Fetter the lads who look but at her:
Frae her ancle to her ſlender waiſt,
Theſe ſweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
Her roſy cheek and riſing breaſt
Gar ane's mouth guſh bowt ſu' of water.

Nelly's gawſy, ſaft, and gay,
Freſh as the lucken flowers in May;
Ilk ane that ſees her crys, Ah, hey!
She's bonny! Oh! I wonder at her.
The dimples of her chin and cheek,
And limbs ſae plump invite to dawt her;
Her lips ſae ſweet, and ſkin ſae ſleek,
Gar mony mouths beſides mine water.

Now ſtrike my finger in a bore,
My wiſon wi' the maiden ſhore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
When theſe twa ſtars appear thegither.
O Love! why didſt thou gi'e thy fires
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
Our ſpacious ſauls' immenſe deſires,
And ay be in a hankerin ſwither.

TIBBY's ſhape and airs are fine,
And NELLY's beauties are divine;
But ſince they canna baith be mine,
Ye gods, give ear to my petition:
Provide a good lad for the tane,
But let it be with this proviſion,
I get the other to my lane,
In proſpect, *plano*, and fruition.

This is no mine ain Houſe.

THIS is no mine ain houſe,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't.
For now that I'm young ROBIE's bride,
And miſtreſs of his fire-ſide,
Mine ain houſe I like to guide,
And pleaſe me wi' the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's houſe,
I gang where love invites me;
The ſtricteſt duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When HYMEN moulds me into ane,
My ROBIE's nearer than my kin,
And to refuſe him were a ſin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain houſe,
True love ſhall be at hand ay,
To make me ſtill a prudent ſpouſe,
And let my man command ay;
Avoiding ilka cauſe of ſtrife,
The common peſt of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

Todlen hame.

WHAN I've a ſaxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay whan I'm poor they bid me gang by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Cou'dna my love come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and ſend her good ſale,
She gies us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her tippony chance to be ſma',
We'll tak a good ſcour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to ſleep,
And twa pint-ſtoups at our bed-feet;
And ay whan we waken'd we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay ſae good-humour'd whan weeting your mou';
When ſober ſae ſour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That it's a blyth ſight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

W

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

'TWAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were faſt aſleep,
In glided MARGARET's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at WILLIAM's feet.

Her face was pale like April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her ſable ſhroud.

So ſhall the faireſt face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the ſpringing flow'r,
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek,
Juſt op'ning to the view:

But love had, like the canker-worm
Conſum'd her early prime:
The roſe grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake! ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain,
And aid the ſecret fears of night,
To fright the faithleſs man.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
  Thy pledg'd and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow,
  And give me back my troth.

How could you ſay my face was fair,
  And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
  Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promiſe love to me,
  And not that promiſe keep?
Why ſaid you that my eyes were bright,
  Yet left theſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſwear my lip was ſweet,
  And made the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs maid,
  Believe the flatt'ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair;
  Theſe lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
  And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my ſiſter is;
  This winding-ſheet I wear:
And cold and weary laſts our night,
  Till that laſt morn appear.

But hark!—the cock has warn'd me hence—
  A long and late adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man! how low ſhe lyes,
  That dy'd for love of you.

The lark ſung out, the morning ſmil'd,
  And rais'd her gliſt'ring head:
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in ev'ry limb,
  Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where MARGARET's body lay,
And ſtretch'd him o'er the green graſs-turf
That wrap'd her breathleſs clay.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word ſpoke never more.

WILLIAM's Ghoſt.

THERE came a ghoſt to MARG'RET's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirled at the pin,
But anſwer made ſhe none.

Is that my father PHILIP?
Or is't my brother JOHN?
Or is't my true love WILLIE
From Scotland new come home?

'Tis not thy father PHILIP,
Nor yet thy brother JOHN;
But 'tis thy true love WILLIE
From Scotland new come home.

O ſweet MARG'RET! O dear MARG'RET!
I pray thee ſpeak to me,
Give me my faith and troth, MARG'RET,
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiſs my cheek and chin.

If I ſhould come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man;
And ſhould I kiſs thy roſy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

O ſweet MARG'RET! *&c. as in the 4th ſtanza.*

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the ſea;
And it is but my ſp'rit, MARG'RET,
That's now ſpeaking to thee.

She ſtretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her beſt;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, WILLIE;
God ſend your ſaul good reſt.

Now ſhe has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter-night
The dead corpſe follow'd ſhe.

Is there any room at your head, WILLIE,
Or any room at your feet,
Or any room at your ſide, WILLIE,
Wherein that I may creep?

There's no room at my head, MARG'RET,
There's no room at my feet,
There's no room at my ſide, MARG'RET,
My coffin's made ſo meet.

Then up and crew the red cock,
And up then crew the gray,
'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear MARG'RET,
That you were going away.

No more the ghoſt to MARG'RET ſaid,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evaniſh'd in a cloud of miſt,
And left her all alone.

O ſtay, my only true love, ſtay,
The conſtant MARG'RET cry'd;
Wan grew her cheeks, ſhe clos'd her een,
Stretch'd her ſoft limbs, and dy'd.

Waly, waly.

O WALY waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-ſide,
Where I and my love wer wont to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a truſty trie;
But firſt it bow'd, and ſyne it brake,
Sae my true love did lyghtlie me.

O waly waly gin love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But whan its auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning-dew.
O wherfore ſhu'd I buſk my head?
Or wherfore ſhu'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forſook,
And ſays he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-ſeat ſall be my bed,
The ſheets ſall neir be fyl'd by me:
Saint Anton's well ſall be my drink,
Since my true love has forſaken me.
Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green leaves aff the trie?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the froſt that freezes ſell,
Nor blawing ſnaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not ſick cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

Whan we came in by Glaſgowe town,
We were a comely ſight to ſee;
My love was cled i' th' black velvet,
And I myſell in cramasie.

But had I wiſt before I kiſst,
That love had been ſae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a caſe of gowd,
And pinn'd it with a ſiller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And ſet upon the nurſe's knee,
And I myſell were dead and gone!
For a maid again Ile never be.

WILLIE'S drown'd in Yarrow.

WILLIE's rare, and WILLIE's fair,
And WILLIE's wond'rous bonny,
And WILLIE hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

Yeſtreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter-night
I'll ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-ſide?
Pu'd you the roſe or lilly?
Or came you by yon meadow-green?
Or ſaw ye my ſweet WILLIE?

She ſought him eaſt, ſhe ſought him weſt,
She ſought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

Woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

WITH broken words, and downcaſt eyes,
Poor COLIN ſpoke his paſſion tender;
And, parting with his GRISY, crys,
Ah! woes my heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as ſnow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder:
From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my heart that we ſhould ſinder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love ſhall hinder,
Nor time nor place ſhall ever change
My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſinder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy ſwain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a promiſe with a kiſs,
Always to love me tho' we ſinder.

Ye gods! take care of my dear laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her;
When that bleſt time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſinder.

What's that to you?

MY JEANY and I have toil'd
The live-lang ſummer-day,
Till we amaiſt were ſpoil'd
At making of the hay:

Her kurchy was of holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow;
I whiſper'd ſomething in her ear,
But what's that to you?

Her ſtockings were of Kerſy green,
As tight as ony ſilk:
O ſick a leg was never ſeen,
Her ſkin was white as milk;
Her hair was black as ane could wiſh,
And ſweet ſweet was her mou;
Oh! JEANY daintily can kiſs,
But what's that to you?

The roſe and lily baith combine,
To make my JEANY fair,
There is no benniſon like mine,
I have amaiſt nae care;
Only I fear my JEANY's face
May cauſe mae men to rue,
And that may gar me ſay, Alas!
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties if thou can,
Hide that ſweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys theſe looks divine.
O do not proſtitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I, with faithful heart, ſhall ſwear
For ever to be true.

King SOLOMON had wives enew,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a bliſs mair true;
His joys were ſhort of mine:
And JEANY's happier than they,
She ſeldom wants her due;
All debts of love to her I'll pay,
And what's that to you?

Were na my Heart light I wad die.

THERE was ance a MAY, and she loe'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen;
But now she cries dool! and a well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonny young JOHNY came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;
And were na my heart light I wad die.
He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loed na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd sick a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.
She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me!
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for JOHNY:
And were na my heart light I wad die.
Albeit I was, &c.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-eye;
And were na my heart light I wad die.
Nor pickles of, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
And then she, &c.

His bonnet ſtood ay fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane lo ks ay as well as ſome's new:
But now he let'ſt wear ony gate it will hing,
And caſts himſelf dowie upo' the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er ſteeks his eye,
And were na my heart light I wad die.
The live-lang, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We ſhou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.
And linking, &c.

Where will our Goodman ly.

HE.

WHERE wad bonny ANNIE ly?
Alane nae mair ye maun ly;
Wad ye a goodman try?
Is that the thing ye're lacking!

SHE.

Can a laſs ſae young as I,
Venture on the bridal-tye,
Syne down with a goodman ly?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And ſleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I ſhou'd wauking ly,
When the hoboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry ?

HE.

In my boſom thou ſhalt ly,
When thou wakrife art, or dry,
Healthy cordial ſtanding by,
Shall preſently revive thee.

SHE.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, prieſt, and let me try
How I'll wi' a goodman ly,
Wha can a cordial gi'e me.

The wauking of the Faulds.

MY PEGGY is a young thing,
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My PEGGY is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My PEGGY ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare.
My PEGGY ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown,
My Peggy ſmiles ſae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me ſick delight,
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is conſeſt,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy ſings ſae ſaftly,
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of ſenſe,
At wauking of the fauld.

Widow, are ye waking.

O Wha's that at my chamber-door?
"Fair widow, are ye wawkin?"
Auld carl, your ſuit give o'er,
Your love lyes a' in tawking.
Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis ſick as he can bleſs the ſight,
And boſom of a widow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in,
"I'm pawky, wiſe and thrifty,
"And come of a right gentle kin;
"I'm little mair than fifty."
Daft carle, dit your mouth,
What ſignifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth,
In love ye're but a gawky.

" Then widow, let theſe guineas ſpeak,
" That pow'rfully plead clinkan,
" And if they fail my mouth I'll ſteek,
" And nae mair love will think on."
Theſe court indeed, I maun confeſs,
I think they mak you young, Sir,
And ten times better can expreſs
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

Wap at the Widow, my Laddie.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can ſhape, and the widow can ſew,
And mony braw things the widow can do;
Then have at the widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her and clap her you manna be blate;
Speak well and do better, for that's the beſt gate
To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow ſhe's youthfu', and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good ſkair
Of every thing lovely; ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie?
What cou'd you wiſh better your pleaſure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonnieſt toaſt in the town,
Wi' naithing but draw in your ſtool and ſit down,
And ſport wi' the widow, my laddie?

Then till 'er and kill 'er wi' courteſie dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be a' ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's ſhowleis and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

WILLIE was a wanton Wag.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw,
At bridals ſtill he bore the brag,
And carried ay the gree awa':
His doublet was of Zetland ſhag,
And wow! but WILLIE he was braw,
And at his ſhoulder hang a tag,
That pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever WILLIE ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the Weaponſhaw,
Upon the green nane durſt him brag,
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not WILLIE well worth gowd?
He wan the love of great and ſma';
For after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale-ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When be the hand he led them a',
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

And was nae WILLIE a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd wi' the laſſes round,
The bridegroom ſpeir'd where he had been.
Quoth WILLIE, I've been at the ring,
Wi' bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are fair;
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For WILLIE he dow do nae mair.

Then reſt ye, WILLIE, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring.
But, ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted WILLIE's wanton fling.
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, Well's me on your bonny face;
Wi' bobbing WILLIE's ſhanks are fair,
And I am come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs, like WILLIE, ye advance:
O! WILLIE has a wanton leg;
For wi't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And foremoſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſick dancing here,
If we want WILLIE's wanton fling.

Woo'd and married and a'.

WOO'D and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was ſhe nae very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'.
The bride came out of the byre,
And O as ſhe dighted her cheeks,
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And has neither blanket nor ſheets;
Has neither blankets nor ſheets,
Nor ſcarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out ſpake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough;
O had ye're tongue, my doughter,
And ye's get gear enough;

The ſtirk that ſtands i' th' tether,
And our bra' baſin'd yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn,
What wad ye be at, ye jade?
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out ſpake the bride's mither,
What d—l needs a' this pride;
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linſy-woolſy,
And ne'er a ſark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buſkins,
Mae than ane or twa.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo' WILLIE,
Tho' we be ſcant o' claiths,
We'll creep the nearer thegither,
And we'll ſnore a' the fleas:
Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats of woo;
And we'll get a laſs o' our ain,
And ſhe'il ſpin claiths anew.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out ſpake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kie;
Poor WILLIE had ne'er a ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For you're baith proud and ſaucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
Iſe never tak ane i' my life.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out ſpake the bride's ſiſter,
As ſhe came in frae the byre;
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I deſire:

But we poor fo'k maun live ſingle,
And do the beſt we can;
I dinna care what I ſhou'd want,
If I cou'd get but a man.
Woo'd, and married, &c.

Wat ye wha I met Yeſtreen.

NOW wat ye wha I met yeſtreen,
Coming down the ſtreet, my jo?
My miſtreſs in her tartan ſcreen,
Fow bonny, braw, and ſweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wiſh'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's ſight,
Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O KATY, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome town a while;
The bloſſom's ſprouting frae the tree,
And a' the ſimmer's gaw'n to ſmile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whiſtling hind,
In ilka dale, green, ſhaw, and park,
Will nouriſh health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Bends up his morning-draught of dew,
We'll gae to ſome burn-ſide and play,
And gather flow'rs to buſk ye'r brow;
We'll pou the daiſies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleaſant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, ſoft, and flow'ry den,
Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:

Whene'er the ſun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler ſhade remove;
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

KATY'S ANSWER.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Though ſhe did the ſame before me:
I canna get leave to look to my loove,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye're offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
Then, SANDY, ye'll fret, and wyte ye'r poor KATE,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of ſiller and pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he's unco ſwear to twin wi' his gear;
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag weel o' ye'r land, and there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

We'll a' to Kelſo go.

AN I'll awa' to bonny Tweed-ſide,
And ſee my deary come throw,
And he ſall be mine, gif ſae he incline,
For I hate to lead apes below.

While young and fair, I'll make it my care,
To ſecure myſell in a jo;
I'm no ſick a fool to let my blood cool,
And ſyne gae lead apes below.

Few words, bonny lad, will eithly perſuade,
Though bluſhing, I daſtly ſay, no;
Gae on with your ſtrain, and doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead apes below.

Unty'd to a man, do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow:
Then I will do well, do better wha will,
And let them lead apes below.

Our time is precious, and gods are gracious
That beauties upon us beſtow:
'Tis not to be thought we got them for nought,
Or to be ſet up for a ſhow.

'Tis carried by votes, come, kilt up ye'r coats,
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where ſhe that's bonny may catch a JOHNY,
And never lead apes below.

Wayward Wife.

ALAS! my ſon, you little know,
The ſorrows that from wedlock flow.
Farewell to ev'ry day of eaſe,
When you've gotten a wife to pleaſe:
Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

When I like you was young and free,
I valu'd not the proudeſt ſhe;
Like you I vainly boaſted then,
That men alone were born to reign;
But bide you yet, &c.

Great HERCULES and SAMSON too,
Were ſtronger men than I or you;
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the diſtaff and the ſheers;
Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of braſs, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainſt ſwords and cannon-balls,
But nought is found by ſea or land,
That can a wayward wife withſtand:
Sae bide you yet, &c.

We're gayly yet.

WE'RE gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,
And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet;
Then ſit ye a while and tipple a bit,
For we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.
There was a lad and they ca'd him DICKY,
He gae me a kiſs, and I bit his lippy;
Then under my apron he ſhew'd me a trick;
And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.
And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,
There were three laſſes, and they them had,
Three trees in the orchard are newly ſprung,
And we's a' get gear enough, we're but young,
Then up wi't AILLIE, AILLIE,
Up wi't, AILLIE, *now,*
Then up wi't, AILLIE, *quo' cummer,*
We's a' get roaring fou.

And one was kiſs'd in the barn,
Another was kiſs'd on the green,
The third behind the peaſe-ſtack,
Till the mow flew up to her een.
Then up wi't, &c.

Now, fy, JOHN THOMSON, riu,
Gin ever ye ran in your life;
De'il get you, but hey, my dear JACK,
There's a man got a-bed with your wife.
Then up wi't, &c.

Then away JOHN THOMSON ran,
And I trow he ran with ſpeed;
But before he had run his length
The falſe loon had done the deed.
We're gayly yet, &c.

U

Up and war them a', WILLIE.

WHEN we went to the field of war,
And to the Weaponſhaw, WILLIE,
With true deſign to ſtand our ground,
And chace our faes awa', WILLIE.
Lairds and lords came there bedeen,
And vow gin they were pra', WILLIE:
Up and war 'em a', WILLIE,
War 'em, war 'em a', WILLIE.

And when our army was drawn up,
The braveſt e'er I ſaw, WILLIE,
We did not doubt to rax the rout,
And win the day and a', WILLIE.
Pipers play'd ſtrae right to left,
Fy, fourugh Whigs awa', WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

But when our ſtandard was ſet up,
So fierce the wind did bla', WILLIE,
The golden knop down from the top,
Unto the ground did fa', WILLIE.
Then ſecond-ſighted SANDY ſaid,
We'll do nae good at a', WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a', WILLIE;
Our bald commander on the green,
Our faes their left did ca', WILLIE,

And there the greateſt ſlaughter made
That e'er poor TONALD ſaw, WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

Firſt when they ſaw our Highland mob,
They ſwore they'd ſlay us a', WILLIE;
And yet ane ſyl'd his breiks for fear,
And ſo did rin awa', WILLIE.
We drave him back to Bonnybrigs,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
And them in order ſaw, WILLIE,
He ſtraight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, WILLIE.
Thus we taught them the better gate
To get a better fa', WILLIE.
Up and war, &c.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
And bravely up did draw, WILLIE:
But gin ye ſpear wha wan the day,
I'll tell you what I ſaw, WILLIE:
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did rin awa', WILLIE.
So there's my canty Highland ſang
About the thing I ſaw, WILLIE.

Up in the Air.

NOW the ſun's gane out of ſight,
Beet the ingle, and ſnuff the light.
In glens the fairies ſkip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to France.
Up in the air, on my bonny grey mare,
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet,
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and ſna',
O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
Nae ſtarns keek through the azure ſlit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit.
The man i' the moon is carouſing aboon,
D' ye ſee, d' ye ſee d' ye ſee him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glaſs to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the ſpleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inſpire,
And gently puff the lover's fire,
Up in the air, it drives away care;
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet.
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, had out the froſt;
Come, WILLIE, gie's about ye'r toaſt;
Till't, lads, and lilt it out,
And let us hae a blythſome bout.
Up wi't there, there, dinna cheat, but drink fair;
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

Y

The yellow-hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie ſat down on yon brae,
Cries, Milk the ewes, laſſie, let nane of them gae;
And ay ſhe milked, and ay ſhe ſang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie ſhall be my goodman.
And ay ſhe milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in tho' I ſhou'd die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me.
They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the houſe, JENNY, come ben,
The cheeſe is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;
Tho' butter, and cheeſe, and a' ſhou'd ſowre,
I'll crack and kiſs wi' my love ae haff hour;
It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en make it three,
For the yellow-hair'd laddie my huſband ſhall be.

Same Tune.

IN April when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.

There under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves ev'ning and morn;
He ſang with ſo ſaft and enchanting a ſound,
That ſylvans and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, Tho' young MAYA be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud air;
But SUSIE was handſome, and ſweetly cou'd ſing;
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That MADIE in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconſtant, and never ſpoke truth;
But SUSIE was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs which ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſowr;
Then, ſighing, he wiſh'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty ſweet SUSIE his miſtreſs might be.

Same Tune.

PEGGY.

WHEN firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking firſt ſey'd my young ſkill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and ſweet riſing fells,
Nae birns, briers, or brechens ga'e trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putted the ſtane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka ſport manly ga'e pleaſure to me;
For nane can putt, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our JENNY ſings ſaftly *the Cowden broom-knows*,
And ROSIE lilts ſweetly *the milking the ewes*;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like NANSY can ſing,
At *throw the wood, laddie*, BESS gars our lugs ring:
But when my dear PEGGY ſings, with better ſkill,
The boatman, Tweed-ſide, or *the laſs of the mill*,
'Tis mony times ſweeter and pleaſant to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire!
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes Love's fire:
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be,
To make myſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

END OF PART FIRST.

SCOTS SONGS.

PART II.

FIRST CLASS.

HISTORICAL BALLADS, &c.

HARDYKNUTE:

Or, The Battle of LARGS. *A Fragment.*

STATELY ſtapt he eaſt the wa,
And ſtately ſtapt he weſt:
Full ſeventy zeirs he now had ſene,
With ſkerſs ſevin zeirs of reſt.
He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wroucht Scotland meikle wae:
And ay his ſword tauld to their ſkaith,
He was their deadly fae.

Hie on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls, and towirs a hicht,
And guidly chambres fair to ſe,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.

His dame ſae peirleſs anes and fair,
For chaſt and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Saif EMERGARD the queen.

Full thirtein ſons to him ſcho bare,
All men of valour ſtout;
In bludy ficht with ſword in hand
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

Great luve they bare to FAIRLY fair,
Their ſiſter ſaſt and deir;
Her girdle ſhawd her midle gimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred!
Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

The King of Norſe in ſummer tyde,
Puft up with powir and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
With mony a hardy knicht.
The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came, as he ſat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

"To horſe, to horſe, my royal Liege,
Zours faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
The King of Norſe commands."
"Bring me my ſteed Mage dapple gray,"
Our gude King raiſe and cryd,
"A truitier beaſt in all the land
A Scots king nevir ſeyd.

Go, little page, tell HARDYKNUTE,
That lives on hill ſae hie,
To draw his ſword, the dreid of faes,
And haſt and follow me."
The little page flew ſwift as dart
Flung by his maſters arm,
"Cum down, cum down, Lord HARDYKNUTE,
And rid zour King frae harm."

Then reid reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In dangers great, to do:
He hes tane a horn as grene as glaſs,
And gien five ſounds ſae ſhrill,
That treis in grene wod ſchuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie
Had paſt that ſummers morn,
Quhen low down in a grafly dale
They heard their fatheris horn,
That horn, quod they, neir ſounds in peace,
We haif other ſport to byde.
And ſune they heyd them up the hill,
And ſune were at his ſide.

"Late late zeſtrene I weind in peace
To end my lengthned life,
My age micht weil excuſe my arm
Frae manly feats of ſtryfe;
But now that Norſe dois proudly boaſt
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be ſaid of HARDYKNUTE,
He feard to ficht or fall.

"ROBIN of Rothſay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows ſchute ſae leil,
Mony a comely countenance
They haif turnd to deidly pale,

Brade THOMAS tak ze but zour lance,
Ze neid nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainſt WESTMORLAND's ferſs heir.

" MALCOM, licht of fute as ſtag
That runs in foreſt wyld,
Get me my thouſands thrie of men,
Well bred to ſword and ſchield;
Bring me my horſe and harniſine,
My blade of mettal cleir.
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for feir.

" Fareweil my dame ſae peirleſs gude,
(And tuke hir by the hand),
Fairer to me in age zou ſeim,
Than maids for bewtie famd:
My zoungeſt ſon ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
And ſchut the ſilver bolt that keips
Sae faſt zour painted bowirs."

And firſt ſcho wet hir comely cheiks,
And then hir bodice grene,
Hir ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Weil plait with ſilver ſchene;
And apron ſet with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark ſae rair,
Wove by nae hand, as ze may gueſs,
Saif that of FAIRLY fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moſs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht,
Making a heavy mane;
" Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries falſe gyles;
Witleſs I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked womans ſmyles."

" Sir Knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
My ladyis kyndlie care zoud prove,
Quha neir kend deidly hate:
Hirſelf wald watch ze all the day,
Hir maids a deid of nicht;
And FAIRLY fair zour heart wald cheir,
As ſcho ſtands in zour ſicht.

" Aryſe, young knicht, and mount zour ſteid,
Full lowns the ſhynand day:
Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the way."
With ſmyleſs luke, and viſage wan,
The wounded knicht replyd,
" Kynd chiftain, zour intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde.

To me nae after day nor nicht
Can eir be ſweit or fair,
But ſune beneath ſum draping tree
Cauld death ſall end my care."
With him nae pleiding micht prevail;
Brave HARDYKNUTE in to gain,
With faireſt words, and reaſon ſtrong,
Straif courteouſly in vain.

Syne he has gain-far hynd attowre
Lord CHATTANS land ſae wyde;
That Lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen faes his courage ſeyd:
Of Pictiſh race by mothers ſyde,
Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
Lord CHATTAN claimd the princely maid,
Quhen he ſaift Pictiſh crown.

Now with his ferſs and ſtalwart train,
He reicht a ryſing heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
NORSE menzie lay in ſicht.

" Zonder, my valiant ſons and ferſs,
Our raging revers wait,
On the unconquerit Scottiſh ſwaird,
To try with us their fate.

Mak oriſons to Him that ſaift
Our ſauls upon the roode ;
Syne braifly ſchaw zour veins ar filld
With Caledonian blude."
Then furth he drew his truſty glaive,
Quhile thouſands all around,
Drawn frae their ſheaths glanſt in the ſun,
And loud the bougills ſound.

To join his King, adown the hill
In haſt his merch he made,
Quhile, playand pibrochs, minſtralls meit
Afore him ſtatly ſtrade.
" Thryſe welcum valziant ſtoup of weir,
Thy nations ſcheild and pryde ;
Thy King nae reaſon has to feir
Quhen thou art be his ſyde."

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferſs,
With little ſkaith to man,
But bludy bludy was the field,
Or that lang day was done.

The King of Scots that ſindle bruikd
The war that luikt like play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ſeimt but delay.
Quoth noble ROTHSAY, " Myne i'll keip,
I wate its bleid a ſkore."
Haſt up, my merry men, cryd the King,
As he rade on before.

The King of Norſe he ſocht to find,
With him to menſe the faucht,
But on his forehead there did licht
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
In midſt between his ene.

"Revenge, revenge! cryd ROTHSAYS heir,
Your mail-coat ſall nocht byde
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart:"
Then ſent it throuch his ſyde.
Another arrow weil he markt,
It perſit his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
He law as eard did fa.

"Sair bleids my Liege, ſair ſair he bleids!"
Again with micht he drew,
And geſture dreid, his ſturdy bow,
Faſt the braid arrow flew:
Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
Lament now, Queen ELGREID,
Hie dames to wail zour darlings fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

"Tak aff, tak aff his coſtly jape,
(Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net, throuch quhilk
His ſteily harneſs ſhynd),
Tak, NORSE, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Sae, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure nae weapon feirs."

Proud NORSE with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulders and arms ſtrong,
Cryd, "Quhair is HARDYKNUTE ſae famd,
And feird at Britains throne?

That Britons tremble at his name,
I ſune ſall make him wail,
That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaft his coat of mail."

That brag his ſtout heart coud na byde,
It lent him zouthfou micht:
" I'm HARDYKNUTE this day, he cryd,
To Scotlands king I hecht
To lay thee law, as horſes hufe,
My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrake,
He garrd his body bleid.

NORSE ene like gray goſehawke ſtaird wyld,
He ſicht with ſhame and ſpyte;
" Diſgrac'd is now my far-famd arm,
That left thee power to ſtryke:"
Then gaif his head a blaw ſae fell,
It made him down to ſtoup,
As law as he to ladies uſit
In courtly gyſe to lout.

Full ſoon he raiſd his bent body,
His bow he marvelld fair,
Sen blows till then on him but darrd
As touch of FAIRLY fair:
NORSE ſerliet too as fair as he,
To ſe his ſtately luke,
Sae ſune as eir he ſtrake a ſae,
Sae ſune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, like a fyre to hether ſet,
Bauld THOMAS did advance,
A ſturdy ſae, with luke enrag'd,
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurd his ſteid throw thickeſt ranks,
The hardy zouth to quell,
Quha ſtude unmuſit at his approach,
His furie to repell.

" That ſchort brown ſhaft ſae meanly trimd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir ;
But dreidfull ſeims the ruſty poynt!"
And loud he leuch in jeir.
" Aft Britons blude has dimd its ſchyne ;
This poynt cut ſchort their vaunt :"
Syne pierced the boiſteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his ſadill ſwang,
His ſtirrup was nae ſtay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey :
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Richt far was heard the thud ;
But THOMAS lukit not as he lay
All waltering in his blude.

With cairles geſture, mynd unmovit,
On raid he north the plain ;
His ſeim in thrang of fierceſt ſtryfe,
Quhen winner ay the ſame ;
Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
Coud meiſe ſaft luve to bruik,
Till vengeful ANN returnd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

Now darts flew wavering through ſlaw ſpeed,
Scarce could they reach their aim ;
Or reach'd, ſcarce blood the round point drew,
'Twas all but ſhot in vain :
Right ſtrengthy arms forfeebled grew,
Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils ;
E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,
And curs'd Wars cruel broils.

Yet ſtill Wars horns ſounded to charge,
Swords claſh'd and harneſs rang ;
But ſaftly ſae ilk blaſter blew
The hills and dales fraemang,

Nae echo heard in double dints,
Nor the lang-winding horn,
Nae mair ſhe blew out brade as ſhe
Did eir that ſummers morn.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik,
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryſe again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythſom ſounds
To boiſt the glories of the day,
And ſchaw thair ſhyning wounds.

On Norways coaſt the widowit dame
May wail the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the ſchiples ſeis
Befoir hir mate appeirs.
Ceiſe, EMMA, ceiſe to hope in vain;
Thy Lord lyis in the clay;
The valziant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lee, quhair ſtands a croſs
Set up for monument,
Thouſands full ferſs that ſummers day
Fild kene Waris black intent.
Let Scots, quhile Scots, praiſe HARDYKNUTE,
Let NORSE the name ay dreid:
Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpaird,
Sal lateſt ages reid.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhowir,
Mirk grew the nicht eir HARDYKNUTE
Wan neir his ſtately towir.
His towir that uſd with torches bleiſe
To ſhyne ſae far at nicht,
Seemd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel ſair he ſichd.

"Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
Thairs nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink ſchynes round my FAIRLY fair,
Nor ward ſtands on my wall.
Quhat bodes it? ROBERT—THOMAS, ſay?"—
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
"Stand back, my ſons, i'll be zour gyde:"
But by they paſt with ſpeid.

"As faſt I haif ſped owre Scotlands faes,"—
Thair ceiſt his brag of weir,
Sair ſchamit to mynd oucht but his dame,
And maiden FAIRLY fair.
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wiſt not zit with dreid:
Sair ſchuke his body, ſair his limbs,
And all the warriour fled.

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The Heir of Linne.

LITHE and liſten, gentlemen,
To ſing a ſong I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To ſpend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye ſpend and never ſpare,
I wott, an' it were the king himſelfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and ſpent;
And he mun ſell his landes ſo broad,
His houſe, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen ſtewarde,
And JOHN o' the Scales was called hee:
But JOHN is become a gentel mon,
And JOHN has got both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought diſturb thy merry cheere;
Iff thou wilt ſell thy landes ſae broad,
Good ſtore of gold Ile give thee here.

My gold is gone, my money is ſpent;
My lande now take it unto thee,
Give me the golde, good JOHN o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande ſhall bee.

Then JOHN he did him to record draw,
And JOHN he gave him a godis-pennie:
But for every pounde that JOHN agreed,
The lande, I wis, was weil worth three.

He told him the golde upon the board,
He was right glad his land to winne:
The land is mine, the gold is thine,
And now Ile be the Lord of Linne.

Thus he hath ſold his land ſae broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and loneſome lodge,
That ſtood far off in a lonely glenne.

For ſae he to his father hecht:
My ſonne when I am gonne, ſayd hee,
Then thou wilt ſpend thy land ſae broad,
And thou wilt ſpend thy golde ſae free.

But ſweare me nowe upon the roode,
That loneſome lodge thou'lt never ſpend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there ſhalt find a faithful friend.

The heir of Linne is full of golde:
And come with me, my friends, ſayd hee,
Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that ſpares, ne'er mote he thee.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friends they ſlunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purſe,
Never a penny left but three,
The tone was braſs, and the tone was lead,
And tother it was white money.

Nowe well-away, ſayd the heire of Linne,
Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a truſty friend have I,
And why ſhold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftleſs loone,
And bade him ſharpely wend his way.

Now well-away, ſayd the heir of Linne,
Now well-away, and woe is me!
For when I had my landes ſae broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door
I wis it were a brenning ſhame:
To rob and ſteal it were a ſinne:
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to loneſome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world ſhould frown on mee,
I there ſhold find a truſty friend.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to the loneſome lodge,
That ſtood ſo lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope ſome comfort for to winne,
But bare and lothly were the walles:
Here's ſorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere and yewe;
Nae ſhimmering ſunn here ever ſhone;
Nae haleſome breeze here ever blew.

Nae chair, nae table he mote ſpye,
Nae chearful hearth, nae welcome bed,
Nought ſave a rope with renning nooſe,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
Theſe words were written ſae plain to ſee:
"Ah! graceleſſe wretch, haſt ſpent thine all,
"And brought thyſelfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind miſgave,
"I therefore left this truſty friend:
"Let it now ſheeld thy foule diſgrace,
"And all thy ſhame and ſorrows end."

Sorely ſhent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely ſhent was the heir of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was neare-to braſt
With guilt and ſorrowe, ſhame and ſinne.

Never a word ſpake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he ſpake but three:
"This is a truſty-friend indeed,
"And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And ſprung aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the cieling burſt in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Aſtonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead,
At length he looked, and ſawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold ſo redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there ſtood three cheſts in fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white money,
And over them in bread letters
Theſe words were written ſae plaine to ſee.

"Once more, my ſonne, I ſette thee clere;
"Amend thy life and follies paſt;
"For but thou amend thee of thy life,
"That rope muſt be thy end at laſt."

And let it bee, ſayd the heire of Linne;
And let it bee, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade ſhall guide me to the end.

Away then went the heir of Linne ;
Away he went with a merry cheare :
I wis he neither ſtint ne ſtayd,
Till JOHN o' the Scales houſe he came neare.

And when he came to JOHN o' the Scales,
Up at the ſpeere then looked hee ;
There ſate three lords at the bordes end,
Were drinking of the wine ſae free.

And then beſpake the heire of Linne
To JOHN o' the Scales then louted hee :
I pray thee now, good JOHN o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftleſs loone,
Away, away, this may not bee :
For CHRISTS curſe on my head, he ſayd,
If ever I truſt thee one pennie.

Then beſpake the heire of Linne,
To JOHN o' the Scales wife then ſpake hee ;
Madame, ſome almes on me beſtowe,
I pray for ſweet Saint CHARITIE.

Away, away, thou thriftleſs loone,
I ſwear thou getteſt nae almes of mee ;
For if we ſhold hang any loſel heere,
The firſt we wold begin with thee.

Then beſpake a good fellowe,
Which ſat at JOHN o' the Scales his bord ;
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne,
Some time thou waſt a well good lord :

Sometime a good fellow thou haſt been,
And ſparedſt not thy golde and fee,
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, JOHN o' the Scales,
To let him ſit in thy companee:
For well I wot thou hadſt his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then ſpake him JOHN o' the Scales,
All wood he anſwer'd him againe:
Now CHRISTS curſe on my head, hee ſayd,
But I did loſe by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before theſe lords ſae faire and free,
Thou ſhalt have it back again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

I drawe you to record, Lords, he ſaid.
With that he gave him a godis-pennee;
Now by my fay, ſayd the heir of Linne,
And here, good JOHN, is thy monee.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was JOHN o' the Scales,
Sae ſhent he could ſay never a word.

He told him forth the gude red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne,
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the Lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didſt lend mee:
Now I am againe the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay! ſayth JOAN o' the Scales;
Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yeſterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now Ime but JOHN o' the Scales his wife.

Now fare thee well, ſayd the heire of Linne ;
Farewell, good JOHN o' the Scales, ſaid hee ;
When next I want to ſell my land,
Good JOHN o' the Scales ile come to thee.

EDOM of Gordon.

IT fell about the Martinmas,
Quhen the wind blew ſchrill and cauld,
Said EDOM o' Gordon to his men,
We maun draw to a hauld.

And quhat a hauld ſall we draw to,
My mirry men and me ?
We wul gae to the houſe o' the Rhodes,
To ſee that fair ladie.

The ladie ſtude on her caſtle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down ;
There ſhe was ware of a hoſt of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

O ſee ze nat, my mirry men a' ?
O ſee ze nat quhat I ſee ?
Methinks I ſee a hoſt of men :
I merveil quhat they be.

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,
As he cam ryding hame ;
It was the traitor EDOM o' Gordon,
Quha reckt nae ſin nor ſhame.

She had nae ſooner buſkit herſel,
And putten on hir goun,
Till EDOM o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae ſooner ſupper ſett,
Nae ſooner ſaid the grace,
Till EDOM o' Gordon and his men
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sae faſt as ſhe could drie,
To ſee if by hir fair ſpeeches
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he ſee this lady ſaif,
And hir yates all locked faſt,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his hart was all aghaſt.

Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me:
This night ſall ye lig within mine armes,
To morrow my bride ſall be.

I winnae cum doun, ze fals GORDON,
I winnae cum doun to thee;
I winnae forſake my ain dear lord,
That is ſae far frae me.

Give owre zour houſe, ze lady fair,
Give owre zour houſe to me,
Or I ſall brenn yourſel therein,
Bot and zour babies three.

I winnae give owre, ze fals GORDON,
To nae ſik traitor as zee;
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord ſall mak ze drie.

But reach my piſtol, GLAUD, my man,
And charge ze weil my gun:
For, but if I pierce that bloody butcher,
My babes we been undone.

She ſtude upon hir caſtle wa,
And let twa bullets flee:
She miſt that bloody butchers hart,
And only raz'd his knee.

Set fire to the houſe, quo' fals GORDON,
All wood wi' dule and ire:
Fals lady, ze ſall rue this deid,
As ze brenn in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, JOCK my man,
I paid ze weil zour fee;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa ſtane,
Lets in the reek to me?

And ein wae worth ze, JOCK my man,
I paid ze weil zour hire;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa ſtane,
To me lets in the fire?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
Ze paid me weil my fee:
But now Ime EDOM o' Gordons man,
Maun either doe or die.

O than beſpaik hir little ſon,
Sate on the nourice' knee:
Sayes, Mither dear, gi owre this houſe,
For the reek it ſmithers me.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blaſt o' the weſtlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.

O then beſpaik hir dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and ſma:
O row me in a pair o' ſheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' ſheits,
And towd hir owre the wa:
But on the point of GORDONS ſpear,
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry wer hir cheiks,
And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his ſpear he turn'd hir owre,
O gin hir face was wan!
He ſaid, Ze are the firſt that eir
I wiſht alive again.

He turnd hir owre and owre again,
O gin her ſkin was whyte!
I might ha ſpared that bonnie face
To hae been ſum mans delyte.

Buſk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do gueſs;
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the graſs.

Thame luiks to freits, my maſter deir,
Then freits will follow thame:
Let it neir be ſaid brave EDOM o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame.

But quhen the ladye ſee the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kiſt hir children twain,
Sayd, Bairns, we been but dead.

The GORDON then his bougill blew,
And ſaid, Awa', awa';
This houſe o' the Rhodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'.

O then beſpied hir ain dear lord,
As hee cam owre the lee;
He ſied his caſtle all in blaze.
Sae far as he could ſee.

Then ſair, O ſair his mind miſgave,
And all his hart was wae:
Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sae faſt as ze can gae.

Put on, put on, my wighty men,
Sae faſt as ze can drie;
For he that is hindmoſt of the thrang,
Sall neir get guid o' me.

Than ſum they rade, and ſum they rin,
Fou faſt out-owre the bent;
But eir the foremoſt could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenefu' muid:
O traitors, for this cruel deid
Ze ſall weip teirs o' bluid.

And after the GORDON he is gane,
Sae faſt as he micht drie;
And ſoon i' the GORDON's foul hartis bluid,
He's wroken his dear ladie.

Young WATERS.

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our Kings court
Mony a well-favourd man.

The Queen luikt owre the caſtle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then ſhe ſaw zoung WATERS
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horſemen rade behind,
And mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horſe before,
And ſiller ſhod behind;
The horſe zoung WATERS rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But then ſpake a wylie lord,
Unto the Queen ſaid he,
O tell me quha's the faireſt face
Rides in the company.

I've ſeen lord, and I've ſeen laird,
And knights of high degree;
Bot a fairer face than zoung WATERS
Mine eyne did never ſee.

Out then ſpack the jealous King,
(And an angry man was he),
O if he had been twice as fair,
Zou might have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, ſhe ſays,
Bot the King that wears the crown;
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
But to thee maun bow down.

For a' that ſhe could do or ſay,
Appeasd he wad nae be;
Bot for the words which ſhe had ſaid,
Zoung WATERS he maun die.

They hae taen zoung WATERS, and
Put fetters on his feet;
They hae taen zoung WATERS, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

Aft I have ridden throuch Stirling towne
In the wind bot and the weit,
Bot I neir rade throuch Stirling towne
Wi' fetters at my feit.

Aft I have ridden throuch Stirling towne
In the wind bot and the rain,
Bot I neir rade throuch Stirling towne
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
His zoung ſon in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding hill
His horſe bot and his ſaddle:

And they hae taen to the heiding hill
His lady fair to ſee.
And for the words the Queen had ſpoke,
Zoung WATERS he did dee.

The young Laird of OCHILTRIE.

O LISTEN, gude peopell, to my tale,
Liſten to quhat I tel to thee,
The King has taiken a poor priſoner,
The wanton Laird of OCHILTRIE.

Quhen news cam to our guidly Queen,
Sche ſicht, and ſaid richt mournfullie,
O quhat will cum of Lady MARGRET,
Quha beirs ſick luve to OCHILTRIE?

Lady MARGRET tore hir yellow hair,
Quhen as the Queen tald hir the ſaim,
I wis that I had neir bin born,
Nor neir had knawn OCHILTRIES naim.

Fie na, quoth the Queen, that maunna be,
Fie na, that maunna be;
I'll fynd ze out a better way
To ſaif the lyfe of OCHILTRIE.

The Queen ſche trippit up the ſtair,
And lowly knielt upon hir knie,
The firſt boon quhich I cum to craive
Is the lyfe of gentel OCHILTRIE.

O iff you had aſkd me caſtels or towirs,
I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrie,
Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland
Winna buy the lyfe of OCHILTRIE.

The Queen ſche trippit down the ſtair,
And down ſche gade richt mournfullie,
Its a' the monie in fair Scotland
Winna buy the lyfe of OCHILTRIE.

Lady MARGRET tore hir yellow hair,
Quhen as the Queen tald hir the ſaim;
I'll tak a knife and end my lyfe,
And be in the grave aſſoon as him.

Ah! na, fie! na, quoth the Queen,
Fie! na, fie! na, this maunna be;
I'll ſet ze on a better way
To looſe and ſet OCHILTRIE frie.

The Queen ſche ſlippit up the ſtair,
And ſche gaid up richt privatlie,
And ſche has ſtoun the priſon keys,
And gane and ſet OCHILTRIE frie.

And ſches gien him a purſe of gowd,
And another of whyt monie,
Sches gien him twa piſtoles by's ſyde,
Saying to him, Shute quhen ze win frie.

And quhen he cam to the Queens window,
Quhaten a joyfou ſhute gae he!
Peace be to our royal Queen,
And peace be in hir companie!

O quhaten a voyce is that? quoth the King,
Quhaten a voyce is that? quoth he,
Quhaten a voyce is that? quoth the King;
I think its the voyce of OCHILTRIE.

Call to me a' my gaolours,
Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie;
Quhairfor the morn at twelve a clock
Its hangit ſchall they ilk ane be.

O didna ze ſend zour keyis to us?
Ze ſent thaim be thirtie and be thrie,
And wi thaim ſent a ſtrait command,
To ſet at lairge zoung OCHILTRIE.

Ah! na, fie! na, quoth the Queen,
Fie, my dear luve! this maunna be:
And iff ye're gawn to hang thaim a',
Indeed ze maun begin wi me.

The tane was ſchippit at the pier of Leith,
The ither at the Queensferrie;
And now the Lady has gotten hir luve,
The winſom Laird of OCHILTRIE.

Sir ANDREW WOOD.

THE King ſits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
O quhar will I get guid ſailor,
To ſail this ſchip of mine?

Up and ſpak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
Sir ANDREW WOOD is the beſt ſailor,
That ſails upon the ſe.

The King has written a braid letter,
And ſignd it wi' his hand;
And ſent it to Sir ANDREW WOOD,
Was walking on the ſand.

The firſt line that Sir ANDREW red,
A loud lauch lauched he:
The next line that Sir ANDREW red,
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To ſend me out this time o' the zeir,
To ſail upon the ſe?

Mak haſte, mak haſte, my mirry men all,
Our guid ſchip ſails the morne.
O ſay na ſae, my maſter deir,
For I feir a deadlie ſtorme.

Late late yeſtreen I ſaw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir maſter,
That we will cum to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild ſhoone;
Bot lang or a' the play wer playd,
They wat thair heads aboone.

O lang, lang, may thair ladies ſit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they ſe Sir ANDREW WOOD
Cum ſailing to the land,

O lang, lang may thair ladies ſtand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll ſe thame na mair.

Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir ANDREW WOOD,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.

BOTHWELL.

AS BOTHWELL was walking in the lowlands alane,
Hey down, and a down.
He met ſix ladies ſae gallant and fine,
Hey down, and a down *.
He caſt his lot amang them a',
And on the youngeſt his lot did fa'.
He's brought her frae her mother's bower,
Unto his ſtrongeſt caſtle and tower.
But ay ſhe cried and made great moan,
And ay the tear came trickling down.
Come up, come up, ſaid the foremoſt man;
I think our bride comes ſlowly on.

* *The Chorus to be repeated at the end of each line.*

O Lady, ſits your ſaddle awry ?
Or is your ſteed for you owre high ?
My ſaddle is not ſet awry,
Nor carries me my ſteed owre high :
But I am weary of my life,
Since I maun be Lord BOTHWELL's wife.
He's blawn his horn ſae ſharp and ſhrill,
Up ſtart the deer on ev'ry hill.
He's blawn his horn ſae lang and loud,
Up ſtart the deer in gude green wood.
His Lady Mother lookit owre the caſtle wa',
And ſhe ſaw them riding ane and a'.
She's call'd upon her maids by ſeven,
To make his bed baith ſaft and even :
She's call'd upon her cooks by nine,
To make their dinner fair and fine.
When day was gane, and night was come,
What ails my love on me to frown ?
Or does the wind blow in your glove ?
Or runs your mind on another love ?
Nor blows the wind within my glove,
Nor runs my mind on another love ;
But I nor maid nor maiden am,
For I'm wi' bairn to another man.
I thought I'd a maiden ſae meek and ſae mild,
But I've nought but a woman wi' child.
His mother's taen her up to a tower,
And lockit them in her ſecret bower :
Now, doughter mine, come tell to me,
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi' ?
O mother dear, I canna learn
Wha is the father of my bairn ;
But as I walk'd in the lowlands my lane,
I met a gentleman gallant and fine ;
He keepit me there ſae late and ſae lang,
Frae the ev'ning late till the morning dawn,

And a' that he gied me to my propine,
Was a pair of green gloves and a gay gold ring;
Three lauchters of his yellow hair,
In caſe that we ſhou'd meet nae mair.
His Lady Mother went down the ſtair.
Now ſon, now ſon, come tell to me,
Where's the green gloves I gave to thee.
I gied to a lady, ſae fair and ſae fine,
The green gloves and a gay gold ring;
But I wad gie my caſtles and towers,
I had that lady within my bowers:
But I wad gie my very life,
I had that lady to be my wife.
Now keep, now keep your caſtles and towers,
You have that lady within your bowers;
Now keep, now keep your very life,
You have that lady to be your wife.
O row my lady in ſattin and ſilk,
And waſh my ſon in the morning milk.

Lord THOMAS and Fair ANNET.

LORD THOMAS and Fair ANNET
Sat a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and ſun was ſett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord THOMAS ſaid a word in jeſt,
Fair ANNET took it ill;
A'! I will nevir wed a wife
Againſt my ain friends wull.

Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed yee.
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither, he ſays,
A gude rede gie to mee:
O ſall I take the nut-browne bride,
And let fair ANNET bee?

The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
Fair ANNET ſhe'as gat nane;
And the little bewtie fair ANNET haes,
O it wull ſoon be gane!

And he has till his brother gane:
Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A'! ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair ANNET bee?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-brown bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And caſt fair ANNET bye.

Her oxen may dye i' the houſe, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I ſall hae naething to myſell
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

And he has till his ſiſter gane:
Now, ſiſter, rede ye me;
O ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And ſet fair ANNET free?

Iſe rede ye tak fair ANNET, THOMAS,
And let the browne bride alane;
Leſt ye ſould ſigh, and ſay, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?

No, I wull tak my mithers counſel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I wull tak the nut-browne bride;
Fair ANNET may leive the land.

Up then roſe fair ANNETS father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair ANNET lay.

Riſe up, riſe up, fair ANNET, he ſays,
Put on your ſilken ſheene;
Let us gae to St Maries kirke,
And ſee that rich weddeen.

My maides, gae to my dreſſing roome,
And dreſs to me my hair;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before,
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maides, gae to my dreſſing-room,
And dreſs to me my ſmock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' neidle-work.

The horſe fair ANNET rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' ſiller he was ſhod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty ſiller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
Wi' yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair ANNETS ſide,
And four-and-twenty fair ladies,
As gin ſhe had bin a bride.

And whan ſhe cam to Maries kirk,
She ſat on Maries ſtean;
The leading that fair ANNET had on
It ſkinkled in their can.

And whan ſhe came into the kirk,
She ſkimmer'd like the ſun;
The belt that was about her waiſt
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She ſat her by the nut-browne bride,
And hir een they wer ſae clear,
Lord THOMAS he clean forgat the bride,
Whan fair ANNET drew near.

He had a roſe into his hand,
He gae it kiſſes three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair ANNETS knee.

Up then ſpak the nut-browne bride,
She ſpak wi' meikle ſpite;
And whair gat ye that roſe-water
That does mak yee ſae white?

O I did get the roſe-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane;
For I did get that very roſe-water
Into my mither's wame.

The bride ſhe drew a long bodkin
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And ſtrake fair ANNET unto the heart,
That word ſpake nevir mair.

Lord THOMAS ſaw fair ANNET wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee;
Bot whan he ſaw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger that was ſae ſharp,
That was ſae ſharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now ſtay for me, dear ANNET, he ſaid,
Now ſtay, my dear, he cryd;
Then ſtrake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by hir ſide.

Lord THOMAS was buried without kirk-wa',
Fair ANNET within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They wer twa luvers deare.

GIL MORRICE.

GIL MORRICE was an erles ſon,
His name it waxed wide;
It was nae for his great riches,
Nor zet his mickle pride;
But it was for a lady gay,
That livd on Carron ſide.

Quhair ſall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hoſe and ſhoen;
That will gae to Lord BARNARDS ha',
And bid his lady cum?
And ze maun rin errand, WILLIE,
And ze maun rin wi' pride;
Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
On horſe-back ze ſall ride.

O no! oh no! my maſter dear!
I dare nae for my life;
I'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to trieſt furth his wife.

My bird WILLIE, my boy WILLIE;
My dear WILLIE, he ſayd:
How can ze ſtrive againſt the ſtream?
For I ſhall be obeyd.

Bot, O my maſter dear! he cry'd,
In grene wod ze're zour lain;
Gi owre ſic thochts, I walde ze rede,
For fear ze ſhould be tain.
Haſte, haſte, I ſay, gae to the ha',
Bid hir cum here wi' ſpeid:
If ze refuſe my heigh command,
Ill gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir take this gay mantel,
'Tis a gowd but the hem;
Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
And bring nane bot hir lain:
And there it is, a ſilken ſarke,
Hir ain hand ſewd the ſleive;
And bid her cum to GIL MORRICE,
Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
Though it be to zour coſt;
Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
In it ze ſall find froſt.
The baron he's a man of might,
He neir could bide to taunt,
As ze will ſee before its night,
How ſma' ze hae to vaunt.

And ſen I maun zour errand rin
Sae ſair againſt my will,
I'ſe mak a vow and keip it trow,
It ſall be done for ill.
And quhen he came to Broken brigue,
He bent his bow and ſwam;
And quhen he came to grais growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to BARNARDS ha',
Would neither chap nor ca' :
Bot ſet his bent bow to his breiſt,
And lichtly lap the wa'.
He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
Though he ſtude at the gait ;
Bot ſtraiht into the ha' he cam,
Quhair they were ſet at meit.

Hail ! hail ! my gentle ſire and dame !
My meſſage winna waite ;
Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod
Before that it be late.
Ze're bidden tak this gay mantel,
Tis a' gowd bot the hem :
Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
Ev'n by your ſel alane.

And there it is, a ſilken ſarke,
Your ain hand ſewd the ſleive ;
Ze maun gae ſpeik to GIL MORRICE ;
Speir nae bauld barons leave.
The lady ſtamped wi' hir foot,
And winked wi' hir ee ;
Bot a' that ſhe coud ſay or do,
Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its ſurely to my bowr-woman ;
It neir could be to me.
I brocht it to Lord BARNARDS lady ;
I trow that ze be ſhe.
Then up and ſpack the wylie nurſe,
(The bairn upon hir knee),
If it be cum frae GIL MORRICE,
Its deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ye filthy nurſe,
Sae loud's I heire ze lee ;
I brocht it to Lord BARNARDS lady ;
I trow ze be nae ſhee.

Then up and ſpack the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee;
He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee;
Till filler cup and ezar diſh
In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,
That hings upon the pin;
And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And ſpeik wi' zour lemman.
O bide at hame, now Lord BARNARD,
I warde ze bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wyte ze wi' nane.

GIL MORRICE ſate in gude grene wode,
He whiſtled and he ſang:
O what means a' the folk coming.
My mother tarries lang.
His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawne frae MINERVAS loome:
His lipps like roſes drapping dew,
His breath was a perfume.

His brow was like the mountain ſna
Gilt by the morning beam:
His cheeks like living roſes glow:
His een like azure ſtream.
The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweet as the infant ſpring:
And like the Mavis on the buſh,
He gart the vallies ring.

The baron came to the grene wode,
Wi' mickle dule and care,
And there he firſt ſpied GIL MORRICE,
Kameing his zellow hair,

That ſweetly wavd around his face,
  That face beyond compare:
He ſang ſae ſweet it might diſpel
  A' rage but fell diſpair.

Nae wonder, nae wonder, GIL MORRICE,
  My lady loed thee weel,
The faireſt part of my body
  Is blacker than thy heel.
Zet neir the leſs now, GIL MORRICE,
  For a' thy great bewty,
Ze's rew the day ze eir was born;
  That head ſall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his truſty brand,
  And ſlaited on the ſtrae;
And thro' GIL MORRICE' fair body
  He's gard cauld iron gae.
And he has tain GIL MORRICE' head,
  And ſet it on a ſpeir:
The meaneſt man in a' his train
  Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain GIL MORRICE up,
  Laid him acroſs his ſteid,
And brought him to his painted bowr,
  And laid him on a bed.
The lady ſat on caſtil wa',
  Beheld baith dale and doun;
And there ſhe ſaw GIL MORRICE' head
  Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
  Bot and that zellow hair,
Than Lord BARNARD, and a' his lands,
  As they lig here and thair.
And ſhe has tain hir GIL MORRICE,
  And kiſsd baith mouth and chin:
I was once as fow of GIL MORRICE,
  As the hip is o' the ſtean.

I got ze in my father's houſe,
Wi' mickle ſin and ſhame;
I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
Under the heavy rain:
Oft have I by thy cradle ſitten,
And fondly ſeen thee ſleip;
Bot now I gae about thy grave,
The ſaut tears for to weip.

And ſyne ſhe kiſs'd his bluidy cheik,
And ſyne his bluidy chin:
O better I loe my GIL MORRICE
Than a' my kith and kin!
Away, away, ze ill woman,
And an il deith mait ze dee:
Gin I had kend he'd bin zour ſon,
He'd neir bin ſlain for mee.

Obraid me not, my Lord BARNARD!
Obraid me not for ſhame!
Wi that ſaim ſpeir O pierce my heart!
And put me out o' pain.
Since nothing but GIL MORRICE head
Thy jelous rage could quell,
Let that ſaim hand now tak hir life,
That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be ſaft or kind;
I'll fill the air with heavy ſighs,
And greet till I am blind.
Enouch of blude by me's bin ſpilt,
Seek not zour death frae mee;
I rather lourd it had been my ſel
Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint;
Sair, ſair I rew the deid,
That eir this curſed hand of mine
Had gard his body bleid.

Dry up zour tears, my winſom dame,
Ze neir can heal the wound;
Ze ſee his head upon the ſpeir,
His heart's blude on the ground.

I curſe the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill;
The feet that bore me wi' ſik ſpeid,
The comely zouth to kill.
I'll ay lament for GIL MORRICE,
As gin he were my ain;
I'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the zouth was ſlain.

The Wife of Auchtermuchty.

IN Auchtermuchty dwelt a man,
An huſband, as I heard it tawld,
Quha weil coud tipple out a can,
And nowther luvit hungir nor cauld:
Till anes it fell upon a day,
He zokit his plewch upon the plain;
And ſchort the ſtorm wald let him ſtay,
Sair blew the day with wind and rain.

He lowſd the plewch at the lands end,
And draiſe his owſen hame at ene;
Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
And ſaw his Wyfe baith dry and clene,
Set beikand by a fyre fu' bauld,
Suppand fat ſowp, as I heard ſay:
The man being weary, wet and cauld,
Betwein thir twa it was nae play.

Quod he, quhair is my horſes corn,
My owſen has nae hay nor ſtrae,
Dame, ze maun to the plewch the morn,
I ſall be huſſy gif I may.

This ſeid-time it proves cauld and bad,
And ze ſit warm, nae troubles ſe;
The morn ze ſall gae wi' the lad,
And ſyne zeil ken what drinkers drie.

Gudeman, quod ſcho, content am I,
To tak the plewch my day about,
Sae ye rule weil the kaves and ky,
And all the houſe baith in and out:
And now ſen ze haif made the law,
Then gyde all richt and do not break;
They ſicker raid that neir did faw,
Therefore let naithing be neglect.

But ſen ye will huſſyſkep ken,
Firſt ze mann ſift and ſyne ſall kned;
And ay as ze gang butt and ben,
Luke that the bairns dryt not the bed:
And lay a ſaft wyſp to the kiln,
We haif a dear farm on our heid;
And ay as ze gang forth and in,
Keip weil the gaiſlings frae the gled.

The wyfe was up richt late at ene,
I pray luck gife her ill to fair,
Scho kirn'd the kirn, and ſkumt it clene,
Left the gudeman but bledoch bair:
Then in the morning up ſcho gat;
And on her heart laid her disjune,
And pat as mickle in her lap,
As micht haif ſerd them baith at nune.

Says, Jok, be thou maiſter of wark,
And thou ſall had, and I ſall ka,
Iſe promiſe thee a gude new ſark,
Either of rounnd claith or of ſma.
She lowſt the ouſen aught or nyne,
And hynt a gad-ſtaff in her hand;
Up the Gudeman raiſe aftir ſyne,
And ſaw the Wyfe had done command.

He draif the gaiſlings forth to feid,
Thair was but ſevenſum of them aw,
And by thair comes the greidy gled,
And lickt up five, left him but twa:
Then out he rane in all his mane,
How ſune he hard the gaiſling cry;
But than or he came in again,
The kaves brake louſe and ſuckt the ky.

The kaves and ky met in the loan,
The man ran wi' a rung to red,
Than by came an illwilly roan,
And brodit his buttoks till they bled:
Syne up he tuke a rok of tow,
And he ſat down to ſey the ſpinning;
He loutit doun our neir the low,
Quod he, this wark has ill beginning.

The leam up throu the lum did flow,
The ſute tuke fire, it flyed him than,
Sum lumps did fall and burn his pow;
I wat he was a dirty man;
Zit he gat water in a pan,
Quherwith he ſtokend out the fyre:
To ſoup the houſe he ſyne began,
To had all richt was his deſyre.

Hynd to the kirn then did he ſtoure,
And jumblit at it till he ſwat,
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang hour,
The ſorrow crap of butter he gat;
Albeit nae butter he could get,
Zet he was cummert wi' the kirn,
And ſyne he het the milk ſae het,
That ill a ſpark of it wad zyrne.

Then ben thair cam a greidy ſow,
I trow he cund hir little thank:
For in ſcho ſhot her mickle mow,
And ay ſcho winkit, and ay ſcho drank

He tuke the kirnſtaff be the ſchank,
And thocht to reik the ſow a root,
The twa left gaiſſings gat a clank,
That ſtraik dang baith their harns out.

Then he bure kendling to the kill,
But ſcho ſtart up all in a low,
Quhat eir he heard, what eir he ſaw
That day he had nae will to * *
Then he zied to take up the bairns,
Thocht to have fund them fair and clene,
The firſt that he gat in his arms,
Was a bedirtin to the ene.

The firſt it ſmellt ſae ſappylie,
To touch the lave he did not grien:
The deil cut aff thair hands, quoth he,
That cramd zour kytes ſae ſtrute zeſtrein.
He traild the foul ſheits down the gate,
Thocht to haif waſht them on a ſtane,
The burn was riſen grit of ſpait,
Away frae him the ſheits has tane.

Then up he gat on a know-heid,
On hir to cry, on hir to ſchout;
Scho hard him, and ſcho hard him not,
But ſtoutly ſteird the ſtots about.
Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
Scho lowſt the plewch, and ſyne came hame;
Scho fand all wrang that ſould bene richt,
I trow the man thocht mekle ſchame.

Quoth he, my office I forſake,
For all the hale days of my lyfe;
For I wald put a houſe to wraik,
Had I been twenty days gudewyfe.
Quoth ſcho, weil mot ze bruik your place,
For truely I ſall neir accept it;
Quoth he, Feynd ſa the lyars face,
But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

Then up ſcho gat a meikle rung;
And the gudeman made to the dore,
Quoth he, Dame, I ſal hald my tung,
For and we fecht I'll get the war.
Quoth he, when I forſuke my plewch,
I trow I but forſuke my ſkill:
Then I will to my plewch again;
For I and this houſe will nevir do weil.

JONNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM ſpeiks of lords, ſum ſpeiks of lairds,
And ſicklike men of hie degrie;
Of a gentleman I ſing a ſang,
Sumtyme cal'd Laird of Gilnockie.
The King he wrytes a luving letter
With his ain hand ſae tenderly,
And he hath ſent it to JOHNY ARMSTRANG,
To cum and ſpeik with him ſpeedily.

The ELLIOTS and ARMSTRANGS did convene;
They were a gallant company,
Weil ryde and meit our lawfull king,
And bring him ſafe to Gilnockie.
Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And veniſon in great plenty,
Weil welcome hame our royal king,
I hope heil dyne at Gilnockie.

They ran their horſe on the Langum Hawn,
And brake their ſpeirs with mekle main;
The ladys lukit frae their loft windows,
God bring our men weil back again.
Quhen JOHNY came before the King,
With all his men ſo brave to ſee,
The King he movit his bonnet to him,
He weind he was a King as well as he.

May I find grace, my sovereign Liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me;
For my name it is JOHNIE ARMSTRANG,
And subject of zours, my Liege, said he.
Away, away, thou traytor strang,
Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be,
I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
And now Ill not begin with thee.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a bonny gift I will give to thee,
Full four and twenty milk whyt steids,
Were a foald in a zeir to me.
I'll gie thee all these milk whyt steids,
That prance and nicher at a speir,
With as mekle gude Inglis gilt,
As four of their braid backs dow beir.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my life, my Liege, my King,
And a bony gift I'll gie to thee,
Gude four and twenty ganging mills,
That gang throw a' the zeir to me.
These four and twenty mills complete,
Sall gang for thee throw all the zeir,
And as mekle of gude reid quheit,
As all thair happers dow to bear.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
Bauld four and twenty sisters sons,
Sall for thee fecht tho' all sould flee.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;
All betwene heir and Newcaſtle town,
Sall pay thair zeirly rent to thee.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Ze leid, ze lied now, King, he ſays,
Althocht a King and prince ze be;
For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
I dare well ſay, but honeſty:
But a fat horſe and a fair woman,
Twa bonny dogs to kill a deir;
But Ingland ſuld haif found me meil and malt,
Gif I had lived this hundred zeir.

Scho ſuld haif fund me meal and malt,
And beif and mutton in all plentie;
But neir a Scots wyfe could haif ſaid,
That eir I ſkaithd her a pun'e flie.
To ſeik het water beneath cauld yce,
Surely it is a great folie;
I haif aſked grace at a graceleſs face,
But there is nane for my men and me.

But had I kend or I came frae hame,
How thou unkind wadſt bene to me,
I wad haif kept the border ſyde,
In ſpyte of all thy force and thee.
Wiſt Englands king that I was tane,
O gin a blyth man wald he be;
For anes I ſlew his ſiſters ſon,
And on his brieſt-bane brak a tree.

John wore a girdle abaut his midle,
Imbroidred owre with burning gold,
Beſpangled with the ſame mettle,
Maiſt beautifull was to behold.

Ther hang nine targats at JOHNIES hat,
And ilka an worth three hundred pound:
What wants that knave that a King ſuld have,
But the ſword of honour and the crown.

O quhair gat thou theſe targats, JOHNIE,
That blink ſae brawly abune thy brie?
I gat them in the field fechting
Quher, cruel King, thou durſt not be.
Had I my horſe and my harneſs gude,
And ryding as I wont to be,
It ſould haif bene tald this hundred zeir,
The meiting of my King and me.

God be withee, KIRSTY, my brither,
Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun;
Lang mayſt thou dwell on the border-ſyde,
Or thou ſe thy brither ryde up and doun:
And God be withee, KIRSTY, my ſon,
Quhair thou ſits on thy nurſes knee;
But and thou live this hundred zeir,
Thy fathers better thoult never be.

Farweil, my bony Gilnockhall,
Quhair on Eſk ſyde thou ſtandeſt ſtout,
Gif I had lieved but ſeven zeirs mair,
I wald haif gilt thee round about.
JOHN murdred was at Carlinrigg,
And all his galant companie;
But Scotlands heart was never ſae wae,
To ſee ſae mony brave men die.

Becauſe they ſavd their country deir
Frae Engliſhmen; nane were ſae bauld,
Quhyle JOHNIE livd on the border-ſyde,
Nane of them durſt cum neir his hald.

MACPHERSON'S Rant.

I'VE ſpent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and ſtrength;
I've pillag'd, plunder'd, murdered,
But now, alas! at length,
I'm brought to puniſhment direct,
Pale death draws near to me;
This end I never did project,
To hang upon a tree.

To hang upon a tree! a tree!
That curs'd unhappy death!
Like to a wolf to worried be,
And choaked in the breath.
My very heart would ſurely break,
When this I think upon,
Did not my courage ſingular,
Bid penſive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath,
More courage had than I;
I dar'd my foes unto their face,
And would not from them fly;
This grandeur ſtout, I did keep out,
Like HECTOR, manfullie:
Then wonder one like me, ſo ſtout,
Should hang upon a tree.

Th' Egyptian band I did command,
With courage more by far,
Than ever did a general
His ſoldiers in the war.
Being fear'd by all, both great and ſmall,
I liv'd moſt joyfullie:
O! curſe upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree.

As for my life, I do not care,
If juſtice would take place,
And bring my fellow plunderers
Unto this ſame diſgrace.
For PETER BROWN, that notour loon,
Eſcap'd, and was made free;
O! curſe upon this fate of mine,
To hang upon a tree.

Both law and juſtice buried are,
And fraud and guile ſucceed,
The guilty paſs unpuniſhed,
If money interceed.
The Laird of Grant, that Highland ſaint,
His mighty majeſtie,
He pleads the cauſe of PETER BROWN,
And lets MACPHERSON die.

The deſt'ny of my life contriv'd
By thoſe whom I oblig'd,
Rewarded me much ill for good,
And left me no refuge.
For BRACO DUFF, in rage enough,
He firſt laid hands on me,
And if that death would not prevent,
Avenged wou'd I be.

As for my life, it is but ſhort,
When I ſhall be no more;
To part with life I am content,
As any heretofore.
Therefore, good people all, take heed,
This warning take by me,
According to the lives you lead,
Rewarded you will be.

Gillicrankie.

CLAVERS, and his Highlandmen,
Came down upo' the raw, man,
Who being ſtout, gave mony a clout;
The lads began to claw then.
With ſword and terge into their hand,
Wi' which they were nae ſlaw, man,
Wi' mony a fearful heavy ſigh,
The lads began to claw then.

O'er buſh, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er ſtank,
She flang amang them a', man;
The Butter-box got mony knocks,
Their riggings paid for a' then.
They got their paiks, wi' ſudden ſtraiks,
Which to their grief they ſaw, man;
Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
The lads began to fa' then.

Hur ſkipt about, hur leapt about,
And flang amang them a', man,
The Engliſh blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
The durk and door made their laſt hour,
And prov'd their final fa', man,
They thought the devil had been there,
That play'd them ſick a paw then.

The Solemn League and Covenant
Came whigging up the hills, man,
Thought Highland trews durſt not refuſe
For to ſubſcribe their bills then.
In WILLIE's name they thought nae ane
Durſt ſtop their courſe at a', man,
But hur nane ſell, wi' mony a knock,
Cry'd, Furich-Whiggs awa', man.

Sir EVAN DU, and his men true,
Came linking up the brink, man;
The Hogan Dutch they feared ſuch,
They bred a horrid ſtink then.
The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
Came in amang them a', man;
Nane duſt withſtand his heavy hand,
All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh' on a ri, Oh' on a ri,
Why ſhould ſhe loſe King SHAMES, man?
Oh' rig in di, Oh' rig in di,
She ſhall break a' her banes then;
With *furichiniſh*, an' ſtay a while,
And ſpeak a word or twa, man,
She's gi' a ſtraike, out o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for ſhame, ye're three for ane,
Her nane-ſell's won the day, man.
King SHAMES' red coats ſhould be hung up,
Becauſe they ran awa' then;
Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,
And made as lang a ſtay, man,
They'd ſav'd their king, that ſacred thing,
And WILLIE 'd run awa' then.

Sheriff-Muir.

THERE's ſome ſay that we wan,
Some ſay that they wan,
Some ſay that nane wan at a' man;
But one thing I'm ſure,
That at Sheriff-muir,
A battle there was, which I ſa', man;
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
and we ran, and they ran awa' man.

Brave ARGYLE and BELHAVEN,
Not like frighted L——N,
Which ROTHES and HADDINGTON ſa', man;
For they all with WIGHTMAN
Advanc'd on the right, man,
While others took flight, being ra', man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord ROXBURGH was there,
In order to ſhare
With DOUGLAS, who ſtood not in awe, man,
Volunteerly to ramble
With Lord LOUDOUN CAMPBELL,
Brave ILAY did ſuffer for a', man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir JOHN SCHAW, that great knight,
With broad-ſword moſt bright,
On horſeback he briſkly did charge, man,
An hero that's bold,
None could him with-hold,
He ſtoutly encounter'd the targemen,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly W——M,
For fear they ſhould cut him,
Seeing glittering broad-ſwords with a pa', man,
And that in ſuch thrang
Made BAIRD edicang,
And from the brave clans ran awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave MAR and PANMURE
Were firm I am ſure,
The latter was kidnapt awa', man,
With briſk men about,
Brave HARRY retook
His brother, and laught at them a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Grave MARSHAL and LITHGOW,
And GLENGARY's pith too,
Aſſiſted by brave LOGGIA-MAN,
And GORDONS the bright,
So boldly did fight,
The red coats took flight and awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

STRATHMORE and CLANRONALD
Cry'd ſtill advance DONALD,
Till both theſe heroes did fa', man;
For there was ſuch haſhing,
And broad ſwords a claſhing,
Brave FORFAR himſelf got a cla' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord PERTH ſtood the ſtorm,
SEAFORTH but lukewarm,
KILSYTH and STRATHALLAN not fla', man;
And HAMILTON pled,
The men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa', man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous SOUTHESK,
TILEBAIRN was briſk,
Whoſe father indeed would not dra', man.
Into the ſame yoke,
Which ſerv'd for a cloak,
To keep the eſtate 'twixt them twa, man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord ROLLO not fear'd,
KINTORE and his beard,
PITSLIGO and OGILVIE a', man,
And Brothers BALFOURS,
They ſtood the firſt ſhow'rs,
CLACKMANNAN and BURLEIGH did cla' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

But CLEPPAN acted pretty,
And STROWAN the witty,
A poet that pleases us a', man;
For mine is but rhime,
In respect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to dra', man,
Tho' we ran, and they ran, &c.

For HUNTLY and SINCLAIR
They both plaid the tinclair,
With consciences black like a cra', man.
Some Angus and Fifemen
They ran for their life, man,
And ne'er a LOT's wife there at a' man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then L——E the traytor,
Who betray'd his master,
His king and his country and a', man,
Pretending MAR might
Give order to fight,
To the right of the army awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then L——E for fear,
Of what he might hear,
Took DRUMMOND's best horse and awa', man,
Instead of going to Perth,
He crossed the Firth,
Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he press'd,
And there he address'd,
That he behav'd best of them a', man;
And there without strife
Got settled for life,
An hundred a year to his fa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Borrowſtounneſs
He reſides with diſgrace,
Till his neck ſtand in need of a dra', man,
And then in a tether
He'll ſwing from a ladder,
Go off the ſtage with a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy ſtood watch
On a hill for to catch
The booty for ought that I ſa', man,
For he ne'er advanc'd,
From the place he was ſtanc'd,
'Till no more to do there at a' man,
For we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the flight,
And M——y the Wright;
But L——m the ſmith was a bra' man,
For he took the gout,
Which truly was wit,
By judging it time to withdra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And Trumpet M——e,
Whoſe breeks were not clean,
Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
By ſaving his neck
His trumpet did break,
Came off without muſick at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there ſuch a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chaſe was at a', man;
From other they ran,
Without touk of drum;
They did not make uſe of a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran, and we ran, and they ran awa' man.

Tranent Muir.

THE CHEVALIER, being void of fear,
Did march up Birſle brae, man,
And thro' Tranent, e'er he did ſtent,
As faſt as he could gae, man:
While General COPE did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard another craw, man.

The brave LOCHIEL, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man:
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with dev'liſh thuds, man:
Down guns they threw, and ſwords they drew,
And ſoon did chace them aff, man:
On Seaton crafts they buſt their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons ſwore blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they ſee,
And winna fire a gun, man.
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror ſeiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, ſome fyl'd their breeks,
And ſome for fear did ſa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouſe, man;
But when the bairns ſaw't turn to earn'ſt,
They were not worth a louſe, man;
Maiſt feck gade hame; O ſy for ſhame!
They'd better ſtaid awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

M——H the great, when herſell ſhit,
Un'wares did ding him o'er, man;
Yet wad nae ſtand to bear a hand,
But aff ſou faſt did ſcour, man;
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he ſtood ſtill,
Before he taſted meat, man:
Troth he may brag of his ſwift nag,
That bare him aff ſae fleet, man.

And S——N keen to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man;
Did never ſtrive wi' piſtols five,
But gallop'd with the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out of ſight, man;
And thought it beſt; it was nae jeſt
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

Mangſt a' the gang nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;
For CAMPBELL rade, but MYRIE ſtaid,
And fair he paid the kain, man;
Fell ſkelps he got was war than ſhot
Frae the ſharp-edg'd claymore, man;
Frae many a ſpout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But GARD'NER brave did ſtill behave,
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few
That ſtill deſpiſed flight, man;
For King and laws, and country's cauſe,
In Honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major BOWLE, that worthy ſoul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horſe being ſhot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man;

Lieutenant S——H, of Iriſh birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainſaid, man.

He made ſick haſte, ſae ſpur'd his beaſt,
'Twas little there he ſaw, man:
To Berwick rade, and falſely ſaid,
The Scots were rebels a', man;
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His uſe and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never faught,
When he had room to flee, man.

But gallant ROGER, like a ſoger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at laſt he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man.
At point of death, wi' his laſt breath,
(Some ſtanding round in ring, man),
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cry'd, God ſave the King,—man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to purſue, man,
About they fac'd, and in great haſte
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they as gain, for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' ſpoils of war, man;
Fow bald can tell how her nainſell
Was ne'er ſae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may ſee
Beweſt the meadow-mill, man,
There mony ſlain lay on the plain;
The clans purſuing ſtill, man.
Sick unco' hacks, and deadly whaks,
I never ſaw the like, man,
Loſt hands and heads coſt them their deads,
That fell near Preſton-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to ſee the fray, man;
But had I wiſt what after paſt,
I'd better ſtaid away, man:
On Seaton ſands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wiſh ne'er to drie ſick fear,
For a' the ſum and mair, man.

The Archer's March.

SOUND, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it;
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praiſe of archery;
Its origin divine is,
The practice brave and fine is,
Which generouſly inclines us
To guard our liberty.

Art by the gods employed,
By which heroes enjoyed,
By which heroes enjoyed
The wreaths of victory.
The deity of Parnaſſus,
The god of ſoft careſſes,
Chaſte CYNTHIA and her laſſes
Delight in archery.

See, ſee yon bow extended,
'Tis JOVE himſelf that bends it,
'Tis JOVE himſelf that bends it,
O'er clouds on high it glows,
All nations, Turks and Parthians,
The Tartars and the Scythians,
The Arabs, Moors, and Indians,
With brav'ry draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us,
That none cou'd e'er excel us
In martial archery;
With ſhafts our fires engaging,
Oppos'd the Romans raging,
Defeat the fierce Norvegian,
And ſpar'd few Danes to flee.

Witneſs Largs and Loncartie,
Dunkel and Aberlemny,
Dunkel and Aberlemny,
Roſlin and Bannockburn.
The Chiviots——all the border
Were bowmen in brave order,
Told enemies, if further
They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
Let hills and dales rebound it,
In praiſe of archery:
Us'd as a game it pleaſes,
The mind to joy it raiſes,
And throws off all diſeaſes
Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling,
When all the year looks ſmiling
With healthful harmony:
The ſun in glory glowing,
With morning dew beſtowing,
Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
To flowers and ev'ry tree.

'Tis now the archers royal,
An hearty band and loyal,
An hearty band and loyal,
That in juſt thoughts agree,

Appear in ancient bravery,
Deſpiſing all baſe knavery,
Which tends to bring in ſlavery
Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, ſound the muſic, ſound it,
Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
Health and proſperity
To our great CHIEF and Officers,
T' our Preſident and Counſellors;
To all who, like their brave forbears,
Delight in archery.

General LESLY's March.

MARCH, march, march,
Why the d—— don't ye march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order,
Front about, ye muſketeers all,
Till ye come to the Engliſh border.
Stand till't, and fight like men,
True goſpel to maintain,
The parliament's blyth to ſee us a' coming;
When to the kirk we come,
We'll purge it ilka room,
Frae Popiſh relicks, and a' ſuch innovations,
That a' the warld may ſee,
There's nane i' the right but we,
Of the auld Scottiſh nation.
JENNY ſhall wear the hood,
JOCKY the ſark of GOD;
And the kiſt fou of whiſtles,
That make ſick a cleiro,
Our pipers bra', ſhall hae them a', whate'er comes on it;
Buſk up your plaids, my lads, cock up your bonnets.
March, march, &c.

Highland March.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our anceſtors fought, and they fought not in vain.

CHORUS.

Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That like our anceſtors of old, we ſtand by Freedom's cauſe;
We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour and applauſe,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate cuſtoms our ſinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud-ſounding pipe bears the true martial ſtrain,
So do we the old Scottiſh valour retain.
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Are ſwift as the roe which the hound doth aſſail,
As the full moon in autumn our ſhields do appear,
MINERVA would dread to encounter our ſpear.
Such our love, &c.

As a ſtorm in the ocean when BOREAS blows,
So are we enrag'd when we ruſh on our foes;
We ſons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Daſh the force of our foes with our thundering ſtrokes.
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.
Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.
Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause;
That they like our ancestors bold, &c.

Little wat ye, &c.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
JOCK *and* TAM *and a's coming.*

DUNCAN's coming, DONALD's coming,
COLIN's coming, RONALD's coming,
DOUGAL's coming, LAUCHLAN's coming,
ALASTER and a's coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
JOCK *and* TAM *and a's coming.*

BORLAND and his men's coming,
The CAMRONS and M'LEANS' coming,
The GORDONS and M'GREGORS coming,
A' the DUNYWASTLES' coming.
Little wat ye, &c.
M'GILVREY *of Drumglass is coming.*

WIGTON's coming, NITHSDALE's coming,
CARNWATH's coming, KENMURE's coming,
DERWENTWATER and FOSTER's coming,
WITHRINGTON and NAIRN's coming.
Little wat ye, &c.
Blyth COWHILL *and a's coming.*

The Laird of M'INTOSH is coming,
M'CRABIE and M'DONALD's coming,
The M'KENZIES and M'PHERSONS' coming,
A' the wild M'CRAWS' coming.
Little wat ye, &c.
DONALD GUN *and a's coming.*

They gloom, they glowr, they look ſae big,
At ilka ſtroke they'll fell a Whig;
They'll fright the ſuds of the Pockpuds,
For mony a buttock bare's coming.
Little wat ye, &c.

SECOND CLASS.

Bannocks of Barley-meal.

MY name is ARGYLL: you may think it ſtrange,
To live at the court, and never to change;
All falſehood and flatt'ry I do diſdain;
In my ſecret thoughts no deceit ſhall remain:
In ſiege or in battle I ne'er was diſgrac'd;
I always my King and my country have fac'd;
I'll do any thing for my country's well,
I'd live upo' bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to the courtiers of London town,
For to my ain country I will gang down;
At the ſight of Kirkcaldy ance again,
I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.

O the muckle de'il tak a' your noiſe and ſtrife,
I'm fully reſolv'd for a country life,
Where a' the bra' laſſes, wha kens me well,
Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll quickly lay down my ſword and my gun,
And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,
Wi' my plaiding ſtockings and leather-heel'd ſhoon;
They'll mak me appear a fine ſprightly loon.
And when I am dreſt thus frae tap to tae,
Hame to my MAGGIE I think for to gae,
Wi' my claymore hinging down to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll buy a fine preſent to bring to my dear,
A pair of fine garters for MAGGIE to wear,
And ſome pretty things elſe, I do declare,
When ſhe gangs wi' me to Paiſley fair.
And whan we are married we'll keep a cow,
My MAGGIE ſall milk her, and I will plow:
We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang-kail,
And whang at the bannocks of barley-meal.

If my MAGGIE ſhou'd chance to bring me a ſon,
He's fight for his King as his daddy has done;
I'll ſend him to Flanders ſome breeding to learn,
Syne hame into Scotland and keep a farm.
And thus we'll live and induſtrious be,
And wha'll be ſae great as my MAGGIE and me;
We'll ſoon grow as fat as a Norway ſeal,
Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to you citizens every ane,
Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury-lane;
You bites of Bear-garden who fight for gains,
And you fops wha have got more wigs than brains;
You cullies and bullies, I'll bid you adieu,
For whoring and ſwearing I'll leave it to you;
Your woodcock and pheaſant, your duck and your teal,
I'll leave them for bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll leave off kiſſing a citizen's wife,
I'm fully reſolv'd for a country life;
Kiſſing and toying, I'll ſpend the lang day,
Wi' bonny young laſſes on cocks of hay;
Where each clever lad gives his bonny laſs
A kiſs and a tumble upo' the green graſs.
I'll awa' to the Highlands as faſt's I can reel,
And whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

No Dominies for me, laddie.

I CHANC'D to meet an airy blade,
A new-made pulpiteer, laddie,
With cock'd-up hat and powder'd wig,
Black coat and cuffs fu' clear, laddie;
A long cravat at him did wag,
And buckles at his knee, laddie;
Says he, My heart, by CUPID's dart,
Is captivate to thee, laſſie.

I'll rather chuſe to thole grim death;
So ceaſe and let me be, laddie:
For what? ſays he; Good troth, ſaid I,
No dominies for me, laddie.
Miniſters' ſtipends are uncertain rents
For ladies' conjunct-fee, laddie:
When books and gowns are all cried down,
No dominies for me, laddie.

But for your ſake I'll fleece the flock,
Grow rich as I grow auld, laſſie;
If I be ſpar'd I'll be a laird,
And thou's be Madam call'd, laſſie.
But what if ye ſhou'd chance to die,
Leave bairns, ane or twa, laddie?
Naething wad be reſerv'd for them
But hair-mould books to gnaw, laddie.

At this he angry was, I wat,
He gloom'd and look'd fu' high, laddie:
When I perceived this, in haſte
I left my dominie, laddie.
Fare ye well, my charming maid,
This leſſon learn of me, laſſie,
At the next offer hold him faſt,
That firſt makes love to thee, laſſie.

Then I returning hame again,
And coming down the town, laddie,
By my good luck I chanc'd to meet
A gentleman dragoon, laddie;
And he took me by baith the hands,
'Twas help in time of need, laddie.
Fools on ceremonies ſtand,
At twa words we agreed, laddie.

He led me to his quarter-houſe,
Where we exchang'd a word, laddie:
We had nae uſe for black gowns there,
We married o'er the ſword, laddie.
Martial drums is muſic fine,
Compar'd wi' tinkling bells, laddie;
Gold, red and blue, is more divine
Than black, the hue of hell, laddie.

Kings, queens, and princes, crave the aid
Of my brave ſtout dragoon, laddie;
While dominies are much employ'd
'Bout whores and ſackcloth gowns, laddie.
Away wi' a' theſe whining loons;
They look like, Let me be, laddie:
I've more delight in roaring guns;
No dominies for me, laddie.

Sweet ANNIE frae the ſea Beach.

SWEET ANNIE frae the ſea beach came,
Where JOCKY ſpeel'd the veſſel's ſide;
Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
When JOCKY's toſt aboon the tyde:
Far aff to diſtant realms he gangs,
Yet I'll be true as he has been;
And when ilk laſs about him thrangs,
He'll think on ANNIE, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yeſtreen,
Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gie:
What tho' my JOCKY's far awa',
Toſt up and down the anſome main,
I'll keep my heart ane other day,
Since JOCKY may return again.

Nae mair, falſe JAMIE, ſing nae mair,
And fairly caſt your pipe away,
My JOCKY wad be troubled ſair,
To ſee his friend his love betray:
For a' your ſongs and verſe are vain,
While JOCKY's notes do faithful flow,
My heart to him ſhall true remain,
I'll keep it for my conſtant jo.

Bla' ſaft, ye gales, round JOCKY's head,
And gar your waves be calm and ſtill;
His hameward ſail with breezes ſpeed,
And dinna a' my pleaſure ſpill:
What tho' my JOCKY's far away,
Yet he will bra' in ſiller ſhine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since JOCKY may again be mine.

Deil take the Wars.

DEIL take the wars that hurried BILLY from me,
Who to love me juſt had ſworn;
They made him captain ſure to undo me;
Woe's me, he'll ne'er return.
A thouſand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thouſands ne'er will run:
Day and night I did invite him,
To ſtay at home from ſword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
With muckle kind embraces,
Now ſighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
And had he my ſoft arms,
Preferr'd to war's alarms,
By love grown mad, without the man of God,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I waſh'd, and patch'd, to make me look provoking:
Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode ſat poking,
Which made me ſhew as tall again;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flow'rs did ſhine;
My love weil might think me gay and bonny,
No Scots laſs was e'er ſo fine.

My petticoat I ſpotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace ſhoes, and ſilk hoſe, garter full over knee;
But, oh! the fatal thought,
To BILLY theſe are nought;
Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, ſilly loon, might have plunder'd me.

As Jamie gay.

As Jamie gay gang'd blyth his way
Along the river Tweed,
A bonny lass as e'er was seen,
Came tripping o'er the mead.
The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph survey'd,
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear Lassie tell, why by thine sell
Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
Canst tell me, Laddie, where?
To town I'll hie, he made reply,
Some meikle sport to see,
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gi'm her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale
Right merrily they went.
The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
The zenith of his power,
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour.
The bonny lad rowd in his plaid
The lass, who scorn'd to frown,
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
And he to gang to town.

I've been Courting.

I'VE been courting at a laſs
  Theſe twenty days and mair;
Her father winna gie me her,
  She has ſick a gleib of gear.
But gin I had her where I wou'd
  Amang the hether here,
I'd ſtrive to win her kindneſs,
  For a' her father's care.

For ſhe's a bonny ſonſie laſs,
  An armsfu', I ſwear;
I wou'd marry her without a coat,
  Or e'er a plack o' gear.
For, truſt me, when I ſaw her firſt,
  She gae me ſick a wound,
That a' the doctors i' the earth
  Can never mak me ſound.

For when ſhe's abſent frae my ſight,
  I think upon her ſtill;
And when I ſleep, or when I wake,
  She does my ſenſes fill.
May Heav'ns guard the bonny laſs
  That ſweetens a' my life;
And ſhame fa' me gin e'er I ſeek
  Anither for my wife.

My Heart's my ain.

'TIS nae very lang ſinſyne,
  That I had a lad of my ain;
But now he's awa' to anither,
  And left me a' my lain.

The laſs he's courting has ſiller,
And I hae nane at a';
And 'tis nought but the love of the tocher
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Who has ſenſe to wale a good wife.
For though I ſay't myſell,
That ſhou'd nae ſay't, 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er hae occaſion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou toſh,
As a' the nei'bours can tell;
Tho' I've ſeldom a gown on my back,
But ſick as I ſpin myſell.
And when I'm clad in my curtſey,
I think myſell as braw
As SUSIE, wi' a' her pearling
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wiſh they were buckl'd together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' WILLIE does ſlight me, and's left me,
The chield he deſerves a good wife.
But, O! I'm blyth that I've miſs'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's ſae keen o' the ſiller
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be ſcrimpit and ſcant;
The wie thing I hae, I'll make uſe o't,
And nae ane about me ſhall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when to had and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for ſiller
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that, has enough;
The maſter is ſeldom ſae happy
As ROBIN that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd caſt up,
To make me his partner for life;
If the chield has the ſenſe to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

My Wife's ta'en the Gee.

A FRIEND of mine came here yeſtreen,
And he wou'd hae me down
To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
In the nieſt borrows town.
But, O! indeed it was, Sir,
Sae far the war for me;
For lang or e'er that I came hame,
My wife had ta'en the gee.

We ſat ſae late, and drank ſae ſtout,
The truth I tell to you,
That lang or e'er midnight came,
We were a' roaring fou.
My wife ſits at the fire-ſide;
And the tear blinds ay her ee,
The ne'er a bed will ſhe gae to;
But ſit and tak the gee.

In the morning ſoon, when I came down,
The ne'er a word ſhe ſpake;
But mony a ſad and ſour look,
And ay her head ſhe'd ſhake.
My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
To look ſae ſour on me?
I'll never do the like again,
If you'll never tak the gee.

When that ſhe heard, ſhe ran, ſhe flang
Her arms about my neck;
And twenty kiſſes in a crack,
And, poor wee thing, ſhe grat.
If you'll ne'er do the like again,
But bide at hame wi' me,
I'll lay my life Iſe be the wife
That's never tak the gee.

Wallifou fa the Cat.

THERE was a bonny wie ladie,
Was keeping a bonny whine ſheep;
There was a bonny wie laſſie,
Was wading the water ſae deep;
Was wading the water ſae deep,
And a little above her knee;
The ladie cries unto the laſſie,
Come down Tweed-ſide to me.

And when I gade down Tweed-ſide,
I heard, I dinna ken what,
I heard ae wife ſay t' anither,
Wallifou fa the cat;
Wallifou fa the cat,
She's bred the houſe an wan-eaſe,
She's open'd the am'ry door,
And eaten up a' the cheeſe.

She's eaten up a' the cheeſe,
O' the kebbuk ſhe's no left a bit:
She's dung down the bit ſkate on the brace,
And 'tis fa'en in the ſowen kit;
'Tis out o' the ſowen kit,
And 'tis into the maiſter kan;
It will be ſae fiery ſa't,
'Twill poiſon our goodman.

Here awa', there awa'.

HERE awa', there awa', here awa' WILLIE,
Here awa' there awa', here awa' hame;
Lang have I ſought thee, dear have I bought thee,
Now I have gotten my WILLIE again.

Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd my WILLIE,
Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame,
Whatever betide us, nought ſhall divide us;
Love now rewards all my ſorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', here awa', WILLIE,
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame.
Come Love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleaſes while WILLIE's at hame.

Drap of Capie----O.

THERE liv'd a wife in our gate-end,
She lo'ed a drap of capie—O,
And all the gear that e'er ſhe gat,
She ſlipt it in her gabie—O.

Upon a froſty winter's night,
The wife had got a drapie—O,
And ſhe had piſh'd her coats ſae weil,
She could not find the patie—O.

But ſhe awa' to her goodman,
They ca'd him TAMIE LAMIE—O,
Gae ben and fetch the cave to me,
That I may get a dramie—O.

TAMIE was an honeſt man,
Himſel he took a drapie—O,
It was nae weil out o'er his craig,
Till ſhe was on his tapie—O.

She paid him weil, baith back and ſide,
And ſair ſhe creiſh'd his backie—O,
And made his ſkin baith blue and black,
And gar'd his ſhoulders crackie—O.

Then he's awa' to the malt barn,
And he has ta'en a pockie—O,
He put her in, baith head and tail,
And caſt her o'er his backie—O.

The carling ſpurn'd wi' head and feet,
The carle he was ſae ackie—O,
To ilka wall that he came by,
He gar'd her head play knackie—O.

Goodman, I think you'll murder me,
My brains you out will knockie—O,
He gi'd her ay the other hitch,
Lie ſtill, you devil's buckie—O.

Goodman, I'm like to make my burn,
O let me out, good TAMIE—O;
Then he ſet her upon a ſtane,
And bade her piſh a damie—O.

Then TAMIE took her aff the ſtane,
And put her in the pockie—O,
And when ſhe did begin to ſpurn,
He lent her ay a knockie—O.

Away he went to the mill-dam,
And there ga'e her a duckie—O,
And ilka chiel that had a ſtick,
Play'd thump upon her backie—O.

And when he took her hame again,
He did hing up the pockie—O,
At her bed-ſide, as I hear ſay,
Upon a little knagie—O.

And ilka day that ſhe up-roſe,
In naithing but her ſmockie—O,
Sae ſoon as ſhe look'd o'er the bed,
She might behold the pockie—O.

Now all ye men, baith far and near,
That have a drunken tutie—O,
Duck you your wives in time of year,
And I'll lend you the pockie—O.

The wife did live for nineteen years,
And was fu' frank and cuthie—O,
And ever ſince ſhe got the duck,
She never had the drouthie—O.

At laſt, the carling chanc'd to die,
And TAMIE did her bury—O,
And for the public benefit,
He has gar'd print the curie—O.

And this he did her motto make;
Here lies an honeſt luckie—O,
Who never left the drinking trade,
Until ſhe got a duckie—O.

WILLIE WINKIE'S Teſtament.

MY daddy left me gear enough,
A couter, and an auld beam-plough,
A nebbed ſtaff, a nutting-tyne,
A fiſhing-wand with hook and line;
With twa auld ſtools, and a dirt-houſe,
A jerkenet ſcarce worth a louſe,
An auld patt, that wants the lug,
A ſpurtle and a ſowen mug.

A hempen heckle, and a mell,
A tar-horn, and a weather's bell,
A muck-fork, and an auld peet-creel,
The ſpakes of our auld ſpinning-wheel.

A pair of branks, yea, and a ſaddle,
With our auld brunt and broken laddle,
A whang-bitt, and a ſniffle-bit;
Chear up, my bairns, and dance a fit.

A flailing-ſtaff, a timmer ſpit,
An auld kirn and a hole in it,
Yarn-winnles, and a reel,
A fetter-lock, a trump of ſteel,
A whiſtle, and a tup-horn ſpoon,
With an auld pair of clouted ſhoon,
A timmer ſpade, and a gleg ſhear,
A bonnet for my bairns to wear.

A timmer tong, a broken cradle,
The pillion of an auld car-ſaddle,
A gullie-knife, and a horſe-wand,
A mitten for the left hand,
With an auld broken pan of braſs,
With an auld ſark that wants the arſe,
An auld-band, and a hoodling-how,
I hope, my bairns, ye're a' weil now.

Aft have I borne ye on my back,
With a' this riff-raff in my pack,
And it was a' for want of gear,
That gart me ſteal Meſs JOHN's grey mare:
But now, my bairns, what ails ye now,
For ye ha'e naigs enough to plow;
And hoſe and ſhoon fit for your feet,
Chear up, my bairns, and dinna greet.

Then with myſel I did adviſe,
My daddy's gear for to comprize;
Some neighbours I ca'd in to ſee
What gear my daddy left to me.
They ſat three quarters of a year,
Comprizing of my daddy's gear;
And when they had gi'en a' their votes,
'Twas ſcarcely a' worth four pounds Scots.

THIRD CLASS.

Fair MARGARET and Sweet WILLIAM.

AS it fell out on a long ſummer's day
Two lovers they ſat on a hill;
They ſat together that long ſummer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

I ſee no harm by you, MARGARET,
And you ſee none by mee:
Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
A rich wedding you ſhall ſee.

Fair MARGARET ſate in her bower-window,
A combing of her hair;
She ſpy'd Sweet WILLIAM and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Down ſhe layd her ivory combe,
And up ſhe bound her hair;
She went her way forth of the bower,
But never more came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men faſt aſleep,
There came the ſpirit of fair MARG'RET,
And ſtood at WILLIAMS feet.

God give you joy, you lovers true,
In bride-bed faſt aſleep;
Lo! I am going to my green-graſs grave,
And I'm in my winding ſheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from ſleep,
Sweet WILLIAM to his lady ſayd,
My dear, I have cauſe to weep.

I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,
Such dreames are never good.
I dreamt my bower was full of red ſwine,
And my bride-bed full of blood.

Such dreams, ſuch dreams, my honoured Sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of red ſwine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three:
Saying, I'll away to Fair MARG'RETS bower,
By the leave of my lady.

And when he came to fair MARG'RETS bower,
He knocked at the ring;
So ready were her ſeven brethren
To let Sweet WILLIAM in.

Then he turned up the covering-ſheet,
Pray let me ſee thee dead;
Methinks ſhe does look pale and wan,
She has loſt her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, MARGARET,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiſs thy pale wan lips,
Though a ſinile I cannot win.

With that beſpake the ſeven brethren,
Making moſt piteous mone:
You may go kiſs your jolly brown bride,
And let our ſiſter alone.

If I do kiſs my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
For I made no vow to your ſiſter dear,
By day, nor yet by night.

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal,
Of your white bread and your wine;
So much as is dealt at her funeral to-day,
To-morrow ſhall be dealt at mine.

Fair MARGARET dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet WILLIAM dyed the morrow:
Fair MARGARET dyed for pure true love,
Sweet WILLIAM dyed for ſorrow.

MARGARET was buryed in the lower chancel,
And WILLIAM in the higher:
Out of her breſt there ſprang a roſe,
And out of his a briar.

They grew as high as the church top,
Till they could grow no higher;
And there they grew in a true lovers knot,
Made all the folke admire.

Then came the clerk of the pariſh,
As you this truth ſhall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had now been there.

The Jew's Daughter.

THE rain runs doun thro' Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doune the Pa:
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than outand cam the Jewis dochter,
Said, Will ye cum in and dine!
I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine.

Scho powd an apple reid and white
To intice the zong thing in:
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the ſweit bairne did win.

And ſcho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair,
Scho has twin'd the zong thing of his life;
A word he nevir ſpak mair.

And outand cam the thick thick bluid,
And outand cam the thin;
And outand cam the bonny herts bluid:
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dreſſing borde,
And dreſt him like a ſwine,
And laughing ſaid, Gae nou and pley
With zour ſweet play-feres nine.

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him ly ſtill and ſleip.
Scho caſt him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip.

Quhan bells wer rung, and maſs was ſung,
And every lady went hame:
Than ilk lady had her zong ſonne,
But Lady HELEN had nane.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And ſair ſair gan ſhe weip:
And ſhe ran into the Jewis caſtel,
Quhan they wer all aſleip.

My bonny Sir HEW, my pretty Sir HEW,
I pray thee to me ſpeik:
'O lady rinn to the deip draw-well
'Gin ze zour ſonne wad ſeik.'

Lady HELEN ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne:
My bonny Sir HEW, an ze be here,
I pray thee ſpeik to me.

The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deip,
A keen pen-knife ſticks in my hert,
A word I dounae ſpeik.

Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
Fetch me my winding ſheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toune,
Its thair we twa ſall meet.

* * * * * *

There Gowans are gay.

THERE gowans are gay, my joy,
There gowans are gay;
They gar me wake when I ſhou'd ſleep,
The firſt morning of May.

About the fields as I did paſs,
There gowans are gay;
I chanc'd to meet a proper laſs,
The firſt morning of May.

Right buſy was that bonny maid,
There gowans are gay;
I halſt her, ſyne to her I ſaid,
The firſt morning of May:

O lady fair, what do you here?
There gowans are gay;
Gathering the dew, what need ye ſpeir?
The firſt morning of May.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean?
There gowans are gay;
Quoth ſhe, to waſh my miſtreſs clean,
The firſt morning of May.

I aſked farder at her ſyne,
There gowans are gay,
Gif to my will ſhe wad incline?
The firſt morning of May.

She ſaid, her errand was not there,
Where gowans are gay;
Her maidenhood on me to ware,
The firſt morning of May.

Then like an arrow frae a bow,
There gowans are gay;
She ſkift away out o'er the know,
The firſt morning of May.

And left me in the garth my lane,
There gowans are gay;
And in my heart a twang of pain,
The firſt morning of May.

The little birds they ſang full ſweet,
There gowans are gay;
Unto my comfort was right meet,
The firſt morning of May.

And thereabout I paſt my time,
There gowans are gay;
Until it was the hour of prime,
The firſt morning of May.

And then returned hame bedeen,
There gowans are gay;
Panſand what maiden that had been,
The firſt morning of May.

Kertonha': or, The Fairy Court.

SHE's prickt herſell and prin'd herſell,
By the ae light o' the moon,
And ſhe's awa' to Kertonha',
As faſt as ſhe can gang.

"What gars ye pu' the roſe, JENNET?
What gars ye break the tree?
What gars you gang to Kertonha',
Without the leave of me?"

" Yes, I will pu' the roſe, THOMAS,
And I will break the tree;
For Kertonha' ſhou'd be my ain,
Nor aſk I leave of thee."

" Full pleaſant is the fairy land,
And happy there to dwell;
I am a fairy lyth and limb,
Fair maiden view me well.

O pleaſant is the fairy land!
How happy there to dwell?
But ay at every ſeven years end,
We're a' dung down to hell.

The morn is good Hallow e'en,
And our court a' will ride;
If ony maiden wins her man,
Then ſhe may be his bride.

But firſt ye'll let the black gae by,
And then ye'll let the brown;
Then I'll ride on a milk-white ſteed,
You'll pu' me to the ground.

And firſt, I'll grow into your arms,
An eſk, but and an edder;
Had me faſt, let me not gang,
I'll be your bairn's father.

Next, I'll grow into your arms
A toad, but and an eel,
Had me faſt, let me not gang,
If you do love me leel.

Laſt, I'll grow into your arms
A dove, but and a ſwan,
Then, maiden fair, you'll let me go,
I'll be a perfect man.

* * * * * *

Clerk Colvill: or, The Mermaid.

Clerk Colvill and his luſty dame
Were walking in the garden green;
The belt around her ſtately waiſt
Coſt Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.

O promiſe me now, Clerk Colvill,
Or it will coſt ye muckle ſtrife;
Ride never by the wells of Slane,
If ye wad live and brook your life.

Now ſpeak nae mair, my luſty dame,
Now ſpeak nae mair of that to me;
Did I ne'er ſee a fair woman,
But I wad ſin with her body.

He's ta'en leave o' his gay lady,
Nought minding what his lady ſaid;
And he's rode by the wells of Slane,
Where waſhing was a bonny maid.

"Waſh on, waſh on, my bonny maid,
That waſh ſae clean your ſark of ſilk;"
"And weel fa' you, fair gentleman,
Your body whiter than the milk."

Then loud, loud cry'd the Clerk Colvill,
O my head it pains me ſair;
"Then take, then take," the maiden ſaid,
"And frae my ſark you'll cut a gare."

Then ſhe's gi'ed him a little bane-knife,
And frae his ſark he cut a ſhare;
She's ty'd it round his whey-white face,
But ay his head it aked mair.

Then louder cry'd the Clerk Colvill,
"O ſairer, ſairer akes my head;"
"And ſairer, ſairer ever will,"
The maiden crys, "till you be dead."

Out then he drew his ſhining blade,
Thinking to ſtick her where ſhe ſtood;
But ſhe was vaniſh'd to a fiſh,
And ſwam far off a fair mermaid.

O mother, mother braid my hair,
My luſty lady make my bed,
O brother take my ſword and ſpear,
For I have ſeen the falſe mermaid.

* * * * * *

WILLIE and ANNET.

LIv'd ance twa lovers in yon dale,
And they luv'd ither weel,
Frae ev'ning late to morning aire
Of luving luv'd their fill.

"Now, WILLIE, gif you luve me weel,
As ſae it ſeems to me,
Gar build, gar build a bonny ſchip,
Gar build it ſpeedilie.

And we will ſail the ſea ſae green,
Unto ſome far countrie,
Or we'll ſail to ſome bonie iſle
Stands lanely midſt the ſea."

But lang or ere the ſchip was built,
Or deck'd, or rigged out,
Came ſick a pain in ANNET's back,
That down ſhe cou'd na lout.

"Now, WILLIE, gif ye luve me weel,
As ſae it ſeems to me,
O haſte, haſte, bring me to my bow'r,
And my bow'r maidens three."

He's taen her in his arms twa,
And kiſs'd her cheik and chin;
He's brocht her to her ain ſweet bow'r,
But nae bow'r-maid was in.

"Now, leave my bower, WILLIE, ſhe ſaid,
Now leave me to my lane;
Was nevir man in a lady's bower
When ſhe was travelling."

He's ſtepped three ſteps down the ſtair,
Upon the marble ſtane:
Sae loud's he heard his young ſon's greet,
But and his lady's mane!

"Now come, now come, WILLIE, ſhe ſaid,
Tak your young ſon frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower
With ſpeed and privacie."

He's taen his young ſon in his arms,
He's kiſs'd him cheik and chin,
He's hied him to his mother's bower
By th' ae light of the moon.

And with him came the bold Barone,
And he ſpake up wi' pride,
"Gar ſeek, gar ſeek the bower-maidens,
Gar buſk, gar buſk the bryde.

My maidens, eaſy with my back,
And eaſy with my ſide.
O ſet my ſaddle ſaft, WILLIE,
I am a tender bryde."

When ſhe came to the burrow town,
They gied her a broch and ring,
And when ſhe came to * * * *
They had a fair wedding.

O up then ſpake the Norland Lord,
And blinkit wi' his ee,
" I trow this lady's born a bairn ;"
Then laucht loud lauchters three.

And up then ſpake the briſk bridegroom,
And he ſpake up wi' pryde,
" Gin I ſhould pawn my wedding-gloves,
I will dance wi' the bryde."

" Now had your tongue, my Lord, ſhe ſaid,
Wi' dancing let me be,
I am ſae thin in fleſh and blude,
Sma' dancing will ſerve me."

But ſhe's taen WILLIE be the hand,
The tear blinded her ee,
" But I wad dance wi' my true luve—
But burſts my heart in three."

She's taen her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee,
" Gie that, gie that to my young ſon,
He'll ne'er his mother ſee."

* * * * * *

" Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,
Gar deal, gar deal the wyne ;
This day hath ſeen my true luve's death,
This nicht ſhall witneſs myne."

The Cruel Knight.

THE Knight ſtands in the ſtable-door,
As he was for to ryde,
When out then came his fair lady,
Deſiring him to byde.

" How can I byde, how dare I byde,
How can I byde with thee?
Have I not kill'd thy ae brother?
Thou hadſt nae mair but he."

" If you have kill'd my ae brother,
Alas! and woe is me!
But if I ſave your fair body,
The better you'll like me."

She's tane him to her ſecret bower,
Pinn'd with a ſiller pin,
And ſhe's up to her higheſt tower,
To watch that none come in.

She had na well gane up the ſtair,
And entered in her tower,
When four-and-twenty armed knights
Came riding to the door.

" Now, God you ſave, my fair Lady,
I pray you tell to me,
Saw you not a wounded knight
Come riding by this way?"

" Yes; bloody, bloody was his ſword,
And bloody were his hands;
But if the ſteed he rides be good,
He's paſt fair Scotland's ſtrands.

Light down, light down, then, Gentlemen,
And take ſome bread and wine;
The better you will him purſue,
When you ſhall lightly dine."

" We thank you for your bread, Lady,
We thank you for your wine.
I would gie thrice three thouſand pounds
Your fair body was mine."

Then ſhe's gane to her ſecret bower,
Her huſband dear to meet;
But out he drew his bloody ſword,
And wounded her ſae deep.

"What aileth thee now, good my Lord,
What aileth thee at me?
Have you not got my father's gold,
But and my mother's fee?"

"Now live, now live, my fair lady,
O live but half an hour,
There's ne'er a leech in fair Scotland,
But ſhall be at thy bower."

"How can I live, how ſhall I live,
How can I live for thee?
See you not where my red heart's-blood
Runs trickling down my knee!

* * * * * *

Wha will bake, *&c.*

WHA will bake my bridal bread,
And brew my bridal ale?
And wha will welcome my briſk bride
That I bring o'er the dale?

I will bake your bridal bread,
And brew your bridal ale,
And I will welcome your briſk bride
That you bring o'er the dale.

But ſhe that welcomes my briſk bride
Maun gang like maiden fair,
She maun lace on her robe ſae jimp,
And braid her yellow hair.

But how can I gang maiden-like,
When maiden I am nane?
Have I not born ſeven ſons to thee,
And am with child agen?

She's taen her young ſon in her arms,
Another in her hand,
And ſhe's up to the higheſt tower
To ſee him come to land.

You're welcome to your houſe, Maſter,
You're welcome to your land,
You're welcome with your fair lady,
That you lead by the hand,

* * * * * *

And ay ſhe ſerv'd the lang tables
With white bread and with wine,
And ay ſhe drank the wan water,
To had her colour fine.

Now he's taen down a ſilk napkin
Hung on the ſilver pin,
And ay he wipes the tear trickling
Adown her cheek and chin.

Bonny May.

IT was on an ev'ning ſae ſaft and ſae clear,
A bonny laſs was milking the kye,
And by came a troup of gentlemen,
And rode the bonny laſſie by.

Then one of them ſaid unto her,
Bonny laſs, pr'ythee ſhew me the way.
O if I do ſae it may breed me wae,
For langer I dare nae ſtay.

But dark and misty was the night
Before the bonny lass came hame;
Now where hae you been, my ae doughter?
I am sure you was nae your lane.

O father, a tod has come o'er your lamb,
A gentleman of high degree,
And ay whan he spake he lifted his hat,
And bonny bonny blinkit his ee.

Or e'er six months were past and gane,
Six months but and other three,
The lassie begud for to fret and to frown,
And think lang for his blinkin ee.

O wae be to my father's shepherd,
An ill death may he die;
He bigged the bughts sae far frae hame,
And trysted a gentleman to me.

It fell upon another fair evening,
The bonny lassie was milking her ky,
And by came the troop of gentlemen,
And rode the bonny lassie by.

Then one of them stopt, and said to her,
Whase aught that baby ye are wi'?
The lassie began for to blush, and think
To a father as good as ye.

O had your tongue, my bonny MAY,
Sae loud I hear you lie;
O dinnae you mind the misty night
I was in the bught with thee?

Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,
And he has taen her hame:
Now let your father bring hame the ky,
You ne'er mair shall ca' them agen.

I am a lord of caſtles and towers,
With fifty ploughs of land and three,
And I have gotten the bonnieſt laſs
That is in this countrie.

I'll wager, I'll wager, &c.

I'LL wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you,
Five hundred merks and ten,
That a maid ſha'nae go to yon bonny green wood,
And a maiden return agen.

I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you,
Five hundred merks and ten,
That a maid ſhall go to yon bonny green wood,
And a maiden return agen.

She's pu'd the blooms aff the broom-buſh,
And ſtrew'd them on's white haſs-bane,
This is a ſign whereby ye may know
That a maiden was here, but ſhe's gane.

O where was you, my good gray ſteed,
That I hae lo'ed ſae dear?
O why did you not awaken me
When my true love was here?

I ſtamped with my foot, Maſter,
And gar'd my bridle ring,
But you wadnae waken from your ſleep,
Till your love was paſt and gane.

Now I may ſing as dreary a ſang,
As the bird ſung on the brier,
For my true love is far remov'd,
And I'll ne'er ſee her mair.

FOURTH CLASS.

Mucking of GEORDIE'S byre.

THE mucking of GEORDIE's byre,
And ſhooling the grupe ſae clean,
Has gard me weit my cheiks
And greit wi' baith my een.
It was ne'er my father's will,
Nor yet my mother's deſire,
That e'er I ſhould file my fingers,
Wi' mucking of GEORDIE's *byre.*

The mouſe is a merry beaſt,
And the moudewort wants the een,
But the warld ſhall ne'er get wit
Sae merry as we hae been.
It was ne'er, &c.

Bonny Dundee.

O HAVE I burnt, or have I ſlain?
Or have I done aught injury?
I've gotten a bonny young laſſie wi' bairn,
The bailie's daughter of bonny Dundee.
Bonny Dundee, and bonny Dundaſs,
Where ſhall I ſee ſae bonny a laſs?
Open your ports, and let me gang free,
I maun ſtay nae langer in bonny Dundee.

Galla-Water.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla-water,
O braw lads of Galla-water,
I'll kilt my coats below my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blew her een my dearie,
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
I aften kiss her till I'm wearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the hether,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.
Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie;
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That gard her greet till she was wearie.

Gae to the ky wi' me, JOHNY.

GAE to the ky wi' me, JOHNY,
Gae to the ky wi' me;
Gae to the ky wi' me, JOHNY,
And I'll be merry wi' thee.
And was she not wordy of kisses,
And was she not wordy of three,
And was she not wordy of kisses,
That gaed to the ky wi' me.
Gae to the ky, &c.

I have a house to big,
And another that's like to fa',
I have a lassie wi' bairn,
Which grieves me warst of a'.
Gae to the ky, &c.

If that ſhe be now wi' bairn,
As I trow weel ſhe be,
I have an auld wife to my mither,
Will doudle it on her knee.
Gae to the ky, &c.

Broſe and Butter.

GI'E my love, broſe, broſe,
Gi'e my love broſe and butter,
Gi'e my love, broſe, broſe,
Yeſtreen he wanted his ſupper.
JENNY ſits up in the laft,
JOCKY wad fain hae been at her,
There came a wind out of the waſt,
Made a' the windows to clatter.
Gi'e my love, &c.

A gooſe is nae good meat,
A hen is boſs within,
In a pye there's muckle deceit,
A pudding it is a good thing.
Gi'e my love, &c.

JENNY'S Bawbie.

AND a' that e'er my JENNY *had,*
My JENNY *had, my* JENNY *had;*
A' that e'er my JENNY *had,*
Was ae bawbie.
There's your plack, and my plack,
And your plack, and my plack,
And my plack, and your plack,
And JENNY's bawbie.
And a' that e'er, &c.

We'll put it a' in the pint-ſtoup,
The pint-ſtoup, the pint-ſtoup,
We'll put it in the pint-ſtoup,
And birle 't a three.
And a' that e'er, &c.

Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.

CAULD kale in Aberdeen,
And caſtocks in Strabogie;
But yet I fear they'll cook o'er ſoon,
And never warm the cogie.
The laſſes about Bogie gicht,
Their limbs they are ſae clean and tight,
That if they were but girded right,
They'll dance the reel of Bogie.

Wow, ABERDEEN, what did you mean,
Sae young a maid to woo, Sir?
I'm ſure it was nae mows to her,
Whate'er it was to you, Sir;
For laſſes now are no ſae blate,
But they ken auld folks out o' date,
And better playfare can they get,
Than caſtocks in Strabogie.

Cock up your Beaver.

WHEN firſt my dear JOHNY came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet, it wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,
Hey, my JOHNY lad, Cock up your beaver.
Cock up your beaver, cock up your beaver,
Hey, my JOHNY lad, cock up your beaver;
Cock up your beaver, and cock it nae wrang,
We'll a' to England ere it be lang.

JOHN, come kiss me now.

JOHN, *come kiss me now, now, now,*
O JOHN *come kiss me now,*
JOHN *come kiss me by and by,*
And make nae mair ado.
Some will court and compliment,
And make a great ado,
Some will make of their goodman,
And sae will I of you.
JOHN, *come kiss*, &c.

When she came ben she bobbit.

WHEN she came ben she bobbit,
And when she came ben she sobbit,
And when she came ben she kist COCKPEN,
And then deny'd that she did it.

And was nae COCKPEN right sawcy,
And was nae COCKPEN right sawcy;
He len'd his lady to gentlemen,
And he kist the collier lassie.

And was nae COCKPEN right able,
And was nae COCKPEN right able;
He left his lady with gentlemen,
And he kist the lass in the stable.

O are you wi' bairn, my chicken?
O are you wi' bairn, my chicken?
O if I am not, I hope to be,
E'er the green leaves be shaken.

I wiſh that you were dead, Goodman.

I WISH that you were dead, goodman,
And a green ſod on your head, goodman,
That I might ware my widowhood,
Upon a ranting highlandman.
There's ſax eggs in the pan, goodman,
There's ſax eggs in the pan, goodman,
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.
I wiſh, &c.

There's beaf into the pat, goodman,
There's beaf into the pat, goodman,
The banes for you, and the brow for me,
And the beef for our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.
I wiſh, &c.

There's ſax horſe in the ſtable, goodman,
There's ſax horſe in the ſtable, goodman,
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN.
I wiſh, &c.

There's ſax ky in the byre, goodman,
There's ſax ky in the byre, goodman,
There's nane o' them yours, but there's twa of them mine,
And the lave is our JOHN HIGHLANDMAN's.
I wiſh, &c.

Whiſtle o'er the lave o't.

MY mither ſent me to the well,
She had better gane herſell,
I got the thing I dare nae tell,
Whiſtle o'er the lave o't.

My mither ſent me to the ſea,
For to gather muſſles three;
A ſailor lad fell in wi' me,
Whiſtle o'er the lave o't.

The Ploughman.

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
And a' his wark's at leiſure,
And whan that he comes hame at ev'n,
He kiſſes me wi' pleaſure.
Up wi't now, my ploughman lad,
Up wi't now, my ploughman;
Of a' the lads that I do ſee,
Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming ſpring's come on,
He takes his yoaking early,
And whiſtling o'er the furrow'd land,
He goes to fallow chearly;
Up wi't now, &c.

Whan my ploughman comes hame at ev'n,
He's often wet and weary;
Caſt aff the wet, put on the dry,
And gae to bed my deary.
Up wi't now, &c.

I will waſh my ploughman's hoſe,
And I will waſh his o'erlay,
And I will make my ploughman's bed,
And chear him late and early.
Merry butt, and merry ben,
Merry is my ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

Plough you hill, and plough you dale,
Plough you faugh and fallow,
Who winna drink the ploughman's health,
Is but a dirty fellow.
Merry butt, and, &c.

The Tailor.

THE tailor came to clout the claiſe,
Sick a braw fellow;
He fill'd the houſe a' fou of fleas,
Daffin down, and daffin down,
He fill'd the houſe a' fou of fleas,
Daffin down and dilly.

The laſſie ſlept ayont the fire,
Sick a braw hiſſey!
Oh! ſhe was a' his heart's deſire;
Daffin down, and daffin down;
Oh! ſhe was a' his heart's deſire:
Daffin down and dilly.

The laſſie ſhe fell faſt aſleep;
Sick a braw hiſſey!
The tailor cloſe to her did creep;
Daffin down, and daffin down;
The tailor cloſe to her did creep;
Daffin down and dilly.

The laſſie waken'd in a fright;
Sick a braw hiſſey!
Her maidenhead had taen the flight;
Daffin down, and daffin down;
Her maidenhead had taen the flight;
Daffin down and dilly.

She ſought it butt, ſhe ſought it ben;
Sick a braw hiſſey!

And in beneath the clocken-hen ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;
And in beneath the clocken-hen ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She ſought it in the owſen-ſtaw ;
Sick a braw hiſſey !
Na, faith, quo' ſhe, it's quite awa' ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;
Na, faith, quo' ſhe, it's quite awa' ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She ſought it 'yont the knocking-ſtane ;
Sick a braw hiſſey !
Some day, quo' ſhe, 'twill gang its lane ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;
Some day, quo' ſhe, 'twill gang its lane ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She ca'd the tailor to the court ;
Sick a braw hiſſey !
And a' the young men round about ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;
And a' the young men round about ;
Daffin down and dilly.

She gard the tailor pay a fine ;
Sick a braw hiſſey !
Gi'e me my maidenhead agen ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;
Gi'e me my maidenhead agen ;
Daffin down and dilly.

O what way wad ye hae't agen ?
Sick a braw hiſſey !
Oh ! juſt the way that it was taen ;
Daffin down, and daffin down ;
Oh ! juſt the way that it was taen ;
Daffin down and dilly.

The Maid gaed to the Mill.

THE maid's gane to the mill by night,
Hech hey, ſae wanton ;
The maid's gane to the mill by night,
Hey ſae wanton ſhe ;
She's ſworn by moon and ſtars ſae bright,
That ſhe ſhould hae her corn ground,
That ſhe ſhould hae her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

Out then came the miller's man,
Hech hey, ſae wanton ;
Out then came the miller's man,
Hey ſae wanton he ;
He ſware he'd do the beſt he can,
For to get her corn ground,
For to get her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

He put his hand about her neck,
Hech hey, ſae wanton ;
He put his hand about her neck,
Hey ſae wanton he ;
He dang her down upon a ſack,
And there ſhe got her corn ground,
And there ſhe got her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

When other maids gaed out to play,
Hech hey, ſae wanton ;
When other maids gaed out to play,
Hey ſae wantonlie ;
She ſigh'd and ſobb'd, and wadnae ſtay,
Becauſe ſhe'd got her corn ground,
Becauſe ſhe'd got her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

When forty weeks were paſt and gane,
Hech hey, ſae wanton:
When forty weeks were paſt and gane,
Hey ſae wantonlie;
This maiden had a braw lad-bairn,
Becauſe ſhe'd got her corn ground,
Becauſe ſhe'd got her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

Her mither bade her caſt it out,
Hech hey, ſae wanton;
Her mither bade her caſt it out
Hey ſae wantonlie;
It was the miller's duſty clout,
For getting of her corn ground,
For getting of her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

Her father bade her keep it in,
Hech hey, ſae wanton;
Her father bade her keep it in,
Hey ſae wantonlie;
It was the chief of a' her kin,
Becauſe ſhe'd got her corn ground,
Becauſe ſhe'd got her corn ground,
Mill and multure free.

The briſk young Lad.

THERE came a young man to my dadie's door,
My dadie's door, my dadie's door,
There came a young man to my dadie's door,
Came ſeeking me to woo.
And wow but he was a braw young lad,
A briſk young lad, and a braw young lad,
And wow but he was a braw young lad,
Came ſeeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,
When he came, when he came,
I took him in and gae him a ſcone,
To thow his frozen mou'.
And wow but, &c.

I ſet him in aſide the bink,
I gae him bread, and ale to drink,
But ne'er a blyth ſtyme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou.
And wow but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldrife wooer,
Ye ſour-looking, cauldrife wooer,
I ſtraightway ſhow'd him to the door,
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.
And wow but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
Before the door, before the door,
There lay a duck-dub before the door,
And there fell he I trow.
And wow but, &c.

Out came the goodman, and high he ſhouted,
Out came the goodwife, and low ſhe louted,
And a' the town-neighbours were gather'd about it,
But there lay he I trow.
And wow but, &c.

Then out came I, and ſneer'd and ſmil'd,
Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,
Ye'ave fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd.
We'll hae nae mair of you.
And wow but, &c.

The Surprise.

I Had a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy;
My purse was light, and my heart was fair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And sae I thought upon a wile,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To fee myself to a lowland laird,
Who had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care nae tho' ye kend it.
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blythly be the man
Would strive to please my lady.

She read my letter, and she leuch,
Ye needna been sae blate, man;
You might hae come to me yourself,
And tald me o' your state, man:
You might hae come to me yourself,
Outwittens of your daddy,
And made JOHN GOUKSTON of the laird,
And kiss'd his bonny lady.

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a cogie;
She fee'd a man to rub my horse,
And wow but I was vogie:
But I gat ne'er sae fair a fleg
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came rap rap to the yate,
Whan I was wi' his lady.

Then ſhe pat me below a chair,
And hap'd me wi' a plaidie;
But I was like to ſwarf wi' fear,
And wiſh'd me wi' my daddy.
The laird went out, he ſaw na me,
I went whan I was ready:
I promis'd, but I ne'er gaed back
To ſee his bonny lady.

The Grey Cock.

O SAW ye my father, or ſaw ye my mother,
Or ſaw ye my true love JOHN?
I ſaw not your father, I ſaw not your mother,
But I ſaw your true love JOHN.

Up JOHNY roſe, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin;
The laſſie taking tent, unto the door ſhe went,
And ſhe open'd and let him in.

Flee, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw whan it is day;
Your neck ſhall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the ſilver grey.

The cock prov'd falſe, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er ſoon;
The laſſie thought it day when ſhe ſent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

The Mariner's Wife.

BUT are you ſure the news is true?
And are you ſure he's well?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel.
There's nae luck about the houſe,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the houſe
Whan our goodman's awa.'

Is this a time to think of wark
When COLIN's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key,
And ſee him come aſhore.
There's nae luck, &c.

Riſe up, and make a clean fire-ſide,
Put on the muckle pat;
Gie little KATE her cotton gown,
And JOCK his Sunday's coat.
There's nae luck, &c.

Make their ſhoon as black as ſlaes,
Their ſtockings white as ſnaw;
It's a' to pleaſure our goodman,
He likes to ſee them braw.
There's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib,
Have fed this month and mair,
Make haſte and thraw their necks about,
That COLIN well may fare.
There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
My biſhop-ſattin gown,
And then gae tell the Bailie's wife,
That COLIN's come to town.
There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey ſlippers I'll put on,
My ſtockings pearl blue,
And a' to pleaſure our goodman,
For he's baith leel and true.
There's nae luck, &c.

Sae ſweet his voice, ſae ſmooth his tongue,
His breath's like cauler air,
His very tread has muſic in't
As he comes up the ſtair.
There's nae lack, &c.

And will I ſee his face again,
And will I hear him ſpeak?
I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
In troth I'm like to greet!
There's nae luck, &c.

The Gawkie.

BLYTH young BESS to JEAN did ſay,
Will ye gang to yon ſunny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do ſtray,
And ſport a while wi' JAMIE?
Ah na, laſs, I'll no gang there,
Nor about JAMIE tak nae care,
Nor about JAMIE tak nae care;
For he's ta'en up wi' MAGGIE.

For hark, and I will tell you, laſs,
Did I not ſee your JAMIE paſs,
Wi' mickle gladneſs in his face,
Out o'er the muir to MAGGIE.
I wat he gae her mony a kiſs,
And MAGGIE took them ne'er amiſs;
'Tween ilka ſmack pleas'd her wi' this,
That BESS was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kiſs I ſeek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour ſhe'll ſcarcely ſpeak;
Who'd not call her a gawkie?
But ſure my MAGGIE has mair ſenſe,
She'll gi'e a ſcore without offence;
Now gi'e me ane unto the menſe,
And ye ſhall be my dawtie.

O JAMIE, ye hae mony tane,
But I will never ſtand for ane
Or twa, when we do meet again,
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah na, laſs, that can ne'er be,
Sick thoughts as theſe are far frae me,
Or ony thy ſweet face that ſee,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whiſht, nae mair of this we'll ſpeak,
For yonder JAMIE does us meet;
Inſtead of MEG he kiſs'd ſae ſweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear BESS I hardly knew,
When I came by your gown's ſae new,
I think you've got it wat wi' dew.
Quoth ſhe, that's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in JAMIE's cheek,
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but ſweet,
If I ſhould gang another gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The laſſes faſt frae him they flew,
And left poor JAMIE ſair to rue,
That ever MAGGIE's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd BESS a gawkie.
As they gade o'er the muir they ſang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to MAGGIE.

The Shepherd's Son.

THERE was a ſhepherd's ſon,
Kept ſheep upon a hill,
He laid his pipe and crook aſide,
And there he ſlept his fill.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He looked eaſt, he looked weſt,
Then gave an under-look,
And there he ſpyed a lady fair,
Swimming in a brook,
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
And then approach'd the maid,
Put on your claiths, my dear, he ſays,
And be ye not afraid.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

'Tis fitter for a lady fair,
To ſew her ſilken ſeam,
Than to get up in a May morning,
And ſtrive againſt the ſtream.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

If you'll not touch my mantle,
And let my claiths alane;
Then I'll give you as much money,
As you can carry hame.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

O! I'll not touch your mantle,
And I'll let your claiths alane;
But I'll tak you out of the clear water,
My dear, to be my ain,
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

And when she out of the water came,
He took her in his arms;
Put on your claiths, my dear, he says,
And hide those lovely charms.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon anither;
And all along the way they rode,
Like sister and like brither.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

When she came to her father's yate,
She tirled at the pin;
And ready stood the porter there,
To let this fair maid in.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

And when the gate was opened,
So nimbly's she whipt in;
Pough! You're a fool without, she says,
And I'm a maid within.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Then fare ye well, my modest boy,
I thank you for your care;
But had you done, what you should do,
I ne'er had left you there.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Oh! I'll cast aff my hose and shoon,
And let my feet gae bare,
And gin I meet a bonny lass,
Hang me, if her I spare.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

In that do as you pleaſe, ſhe ſays,
But you ſhall never more
Have the ſame opportunity;
With that ſhe ſhut the door.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

There is a gude auld proverb,
I've often heard it told,
He that would not, when he might,
He ſhould not, when he would.
Sing, Fal deral, &c.

Get up and bar the Door.

IT fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,
When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And ſhe's boil'd them in the pan.

The wind ſae cauld blew ſouth and north,
And blew into the floor:
Quoth our goodman, to our goodwife,
"Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my huſſy'f ſkap,
Goodman, as ye may ſee,
An it ſhou'd nae be barr'd this hundred year,
Its no be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and ſure;
That the firſt word whae'er ſhou'd ſpeak,
Shou'd riſe and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o' clock at night,
And they could neither ſee houſe nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle light.

Now, whether is this a rich man's houſe,
Or whether is it a poor?
But never a word wad ane o' them ſpeak,
For barring of the door.

And firſt they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black;
Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to herſel,
Yet ne'er a word ſhe ſpake.

Then ſaid the one unto the other,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife,
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiſs the goodwife."

"But there's nae water in the houſe,
And what ſhall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the pudding broo,
"That boils into the pan?"

O up then ſtarted our goodman,
An angry man was he;
"Will ye kiſs my wife before my een,
And ſcad me wi' pudding bree?"

Then up and ſtarted our goodwife,
Gied three ſkips on the floor;
"Goodman, you've ſpoken the foremoſt word,
Get up and bar the door."

FIFTH CLASS.

Original Words to Tunes in the Firſt Part.

The Braes of Yarrow.

A. BUSK ye, buſk ye, my bony bony bride,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow?
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bony bony bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bony bony bride?
Where gat ye that winſome marrow?
A I gat her where I dare na weil be ſeen,
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winſome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does ſhe weep, thy bony bony bride?
Why does ſhe weep thy winſome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be ſeen
Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun ſhe weep, lang maun ſhe, maun ſhe weep,
Lang maun ſhe weep with dule and ſorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be ſeen
Puing the birk on the braes of Yarrow.

For ſhe has tint her luver luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cauſe of ſorrow,
And I hae ſlain the comlieſt ſwain
That e'er pu'd birk on the braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy ſtreams, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of ſorrow?
And why yon melancholeous weeds
Hung on the bony birks of Yarrow?

What yonder floats on the rueful, rueful ſtream?
What's yonder floats? O dule and ſorrow!
'Tis he the comely ſwain I ſlew
Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Waſh, O waſh his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and ſorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye ſiſters ſiſters ſad,
Ye ſiſters ſad, his tomb with ſorrow,
And weep around in waeful wiſe,
His helpleſs fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curſe ye, curſe ye, his uſeleſs uſeleſs ſhield,
My arm that wrought the deed of ſorrow,
The fatal ſpear that pierc'd his breaſt,
His comely breaſt on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
And warn from fight; but to my ſorrow,
O'er raſhly bald a ſtronger arm
Thou met'ſt, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet ſmells the birk, green grows, green grows the graſs,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow ſweet? as ſweet as ſweet flows Tweed,
As green its graſs, its gowan yellow,
As ſweet ſmells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In floury bands thou him did'ſt fetter;
Tho' he was fair and well beluv'd again,
Than me he never lued thee better.

Buſk ye, then buſk, my bony bony bride,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow,
Buſk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I buſk a bony bony bride?
How can I buſk a winſome marrow?
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
That ſlew my luve on the braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
No dew thy tender bloſſoms cover,
For there was baſely ſlain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple veſt, 'twas my awn ſeuing;
Ah! wretched me! I little little kend
He was in theſe to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white ſteed,
Unheedful of my dule and ſorrow;
But e'r the toofal of the night
He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;
I ſang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang e'er night the ſpear was flown
That ſlew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage purſue me?
My luver's blood is on thy ſpear,
How can'ſt thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy ſiſters may be may be proud,
With cruel, and unjentle ſcoffin,
May bid me ſeek on Yarrow braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother DOUGLAS may upbraid,
And ſtrive with threatning words to muve me:
My luver's blood is on thy ſpear,
How can'ſt thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal ſheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected huſband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best yet best belov'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee,
Yet lye all night between my briests,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my briests,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow,
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lyes a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

GILDEROY.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my jo and heart's delight,
My handsome GILDEROY.

Oh! ſik twa charming een he had,
A breath as ſweet as roſe,
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But coſtly ſilken clothes;
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy;
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear GILDEROY.

My GILDEROY and I were born,
Baith in one toun together,
We ſcant were ſeven years beforn
We gan to luve each other;
Our dadies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and GILDEROY.

For GILDEROY that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding ſark of holland fine,
Wi' ſilken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor laſſie eir could ſing,
Like me and GILDEROY.

Wi' mickle joy we ſpent our prime,
Till we were baith ſixteen,
And aft we paſt the langſome time,
Amang the leaves ſae green;
Aft on the banks we'd ſit us thair,
And ſweetly kiſs and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair,
My handſome GILDEROY.

Oh! that he ſtill had been content
Wi' me to lead his life,
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To ſtir in feates of ſtriſe:

And he in many a venturous deed,
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear GILDEROY.

And whan of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee;
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My beniſon gang wi' thee!
God ſpeid thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent ſith we maun part,
My handſome GILDEROY."

My GILDEROY baith far and near
Was fear'd in every town,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun;
Nane eir durſt meet him man to man,
He was ſae brave a boy,
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winſome GILDEROY.

The Queen of Scots poſſeſſed nought
That my love let me want;
For cow and ew he brought to me,
And e'en whan they were ſkant:
All theſe did honeſtly poſſeſs,
He never did annoy,
Who never fail'd to pay their ceſs
To my love GILDEROY.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
Te hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or aſs,
For ſheep, or horſe, or mare;
Had not their laws been made ſae ſtrick,
I neir had loſt my joy,
Wi' ſorrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear GILDEROY.

Giff GILDEROY had done amiſſe
He mought hae baniſht been,
Ah! what ſair cruelty is this
To hang ſike handſome men:
To hang the flower o' Scottiſh land,
Sae ſweet and fair a boy;
Nae lady had ſae white a hand
As thee, my GILDEROY.

Of GILDEROY ſae 'fraid they were,
They bound him mickle ſtrong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the reſt,
He was ſae trim a boy,
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued beſt,
My handſome GILDEROY.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpſe away,
Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
I waſht his comelye clay;
And ſiker in a grave ſae deep
I laid the dear-loed boy,
And now for evir maun I weep,
My winſome GILDEROY.

Flowdenhill: or, Flowers of the Foreſt.

I'V'E heard of a lilting at our ewes milking,
Laſſes a' lilting before the break of day;
But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning
That our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

At bughts in the morning nae blyth lads are ſcorning,
The laſſes are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but ſighing and ſabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

At e'en at the gloming nae ſwankies are roaming
'Mong ſtacks with the laſſes at bogle to play,
But ilk ane ſits dreary, lamenting her deary,
The flowers of the foreſt that are wede away.

At har'ſt at the ſhearing, nae younkers are jearing,
The banſters are runkled, lyart, and grey,
At a fair or a preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order ſent our lads to the border!
The Engliſh for ance by guile gat the day;
The Flower of the foreſt that ay ſhone the foremoſt,
The prime of our land lyes cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes milking,
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw foreſters are a' wede away.

Had awa' frae me, DONALD.

O WILL you hae ta tartan plaid,
Or will you hae ta ring, Mattam?
Or will you hae ta kiſs o' me?
And dats ta pretty ting, Mattam.
Had awa', bide awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
I'll neither kiſs nor hae a ring,
Nae tartan plaids for me, DONALD.

O ſee you not her ponny progues,
Her ſecket plaid, plew, creen, Mattam?
Her twa ſhort hoſe, and her twa ſpiogs,
And a ſhoulter-pelt apoon, Mattam?
Had awa', bide awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
Nae ſhoulder-belts, nae trinkabouts,
Nae tartan hoſe for me, DONALD.

Hur can peſhaw a petter hough
  Tan him wha wears ta crown, Mattam;
Herſell hae piſtol and claymore
  Ta flie ta lallant lown, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
  Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
  You're no a match for me, DONALD.

Hurſell hae a ſhort coat pi pote,
  No trail my feets at rin, Mattam;
A cutty ſark of good harn ſheet,
  My mitter he be ſpin, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
  Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,
  And faſh nae mair wi' me, DONALD.

Ye's neir pe pidden work a turn
  At ony kind o' ſpin, Mattam,
But ſhug your lenno in a ſcull,
  And tidel highland ſing, Mattam.
Had awa,' had awa,'
  Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
Your jogging ſculls and highland ſang
  Will ſound but harſh wi' me, DONALD.

In ta morning when him riſe
  Ye's get freſh whey for tea, Mattam;
Sweet milk an ream as much you pleaſe,
  Far cheaper tan pohea, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
  Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
I winna quit my morning's tea,
  Your whey will ne'er agree, DONALD.

Haper Gallic ye's be learn,
  And tats ta ponny ſpeak, Mattam;
Ye's get a cheeſe, an putter-kirn,
  Come wi' me kin ye like, Mattam.

Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
Your Gallic and your Highland chear
Will ne'er gae down wi' me, DONALD.

Fait ye's pe ket a ſilder protch
Pe pigger as the moon, Mattam;
Ye's ride in curroch ſtead o' coach,
An wow put ye'll pe fine, Mattam.
Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, DONALD;
For a' your Highland rarities
You're not a match for me, DONALD.

What's tis ta way tat ye'll pe kind
To a protty man like me, Mattam?
Sae langs claymore pe po my ſide,
I'll nefer marry tee, Mattam.
O come awa', run awa',
O come awa' wi' me, DONALD;
I wadna quit my Highland man;
Frae Lallands ſet me free, DONALD.

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FINIS.